MAYFAIR

PUBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND

VOLUME 27 NUMBER 8
£1.95

TELLY GIRLS STRIPPED NAKED!

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MORE!

PAGE THREE GIRL TRACY'S SIZZLING CENTREFOLD!

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LISA

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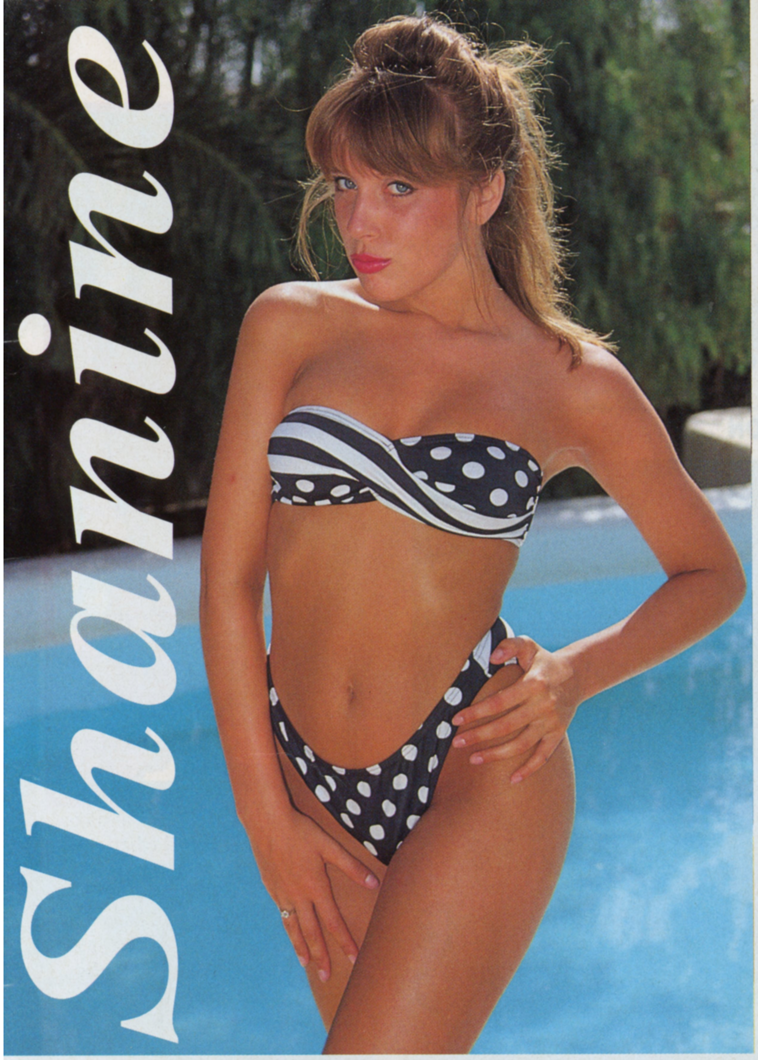
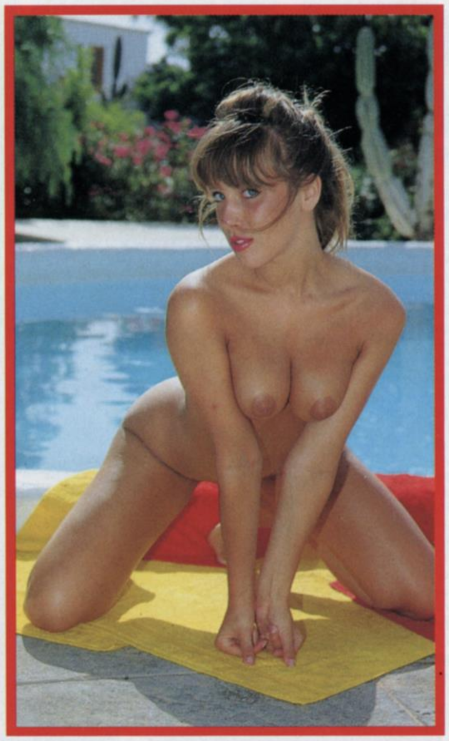
Shanine

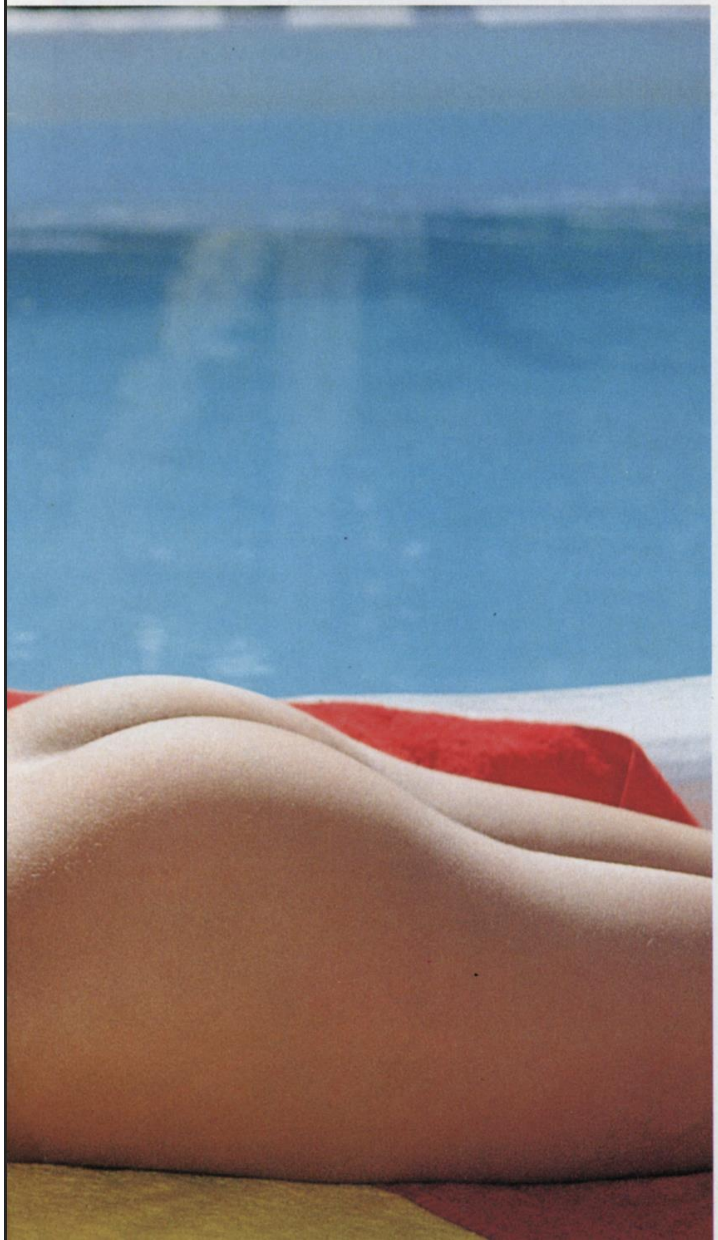


From Southport to sex-super-stardom in the space of four weeks — not bad for a 20-year-old shop assistant. But that's just what's happened to sensuous Shanine Linton since she appeared in last month's *Mayfair*. "One minute I was posing in front of my bedroom mirror, pretending to be a magazine model and playing with my pussy at the thought. The next, I'm whisked off by private jet to a luxury villa in Spain and stripping off for real beside a swimming pool. And I don't have to play with my pussy any more either — because now I've got guys and girls simply queuing up to do it for me!

"You know, it's all happened so fast I have to pinch myself just to remind me I'm not dreaming!" Oh no! Don't pinch yourself, Shanine. We're sure there's a million *Mayfair* readers out there who'd love to do that for you! Now where do you want it first?

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN MASON





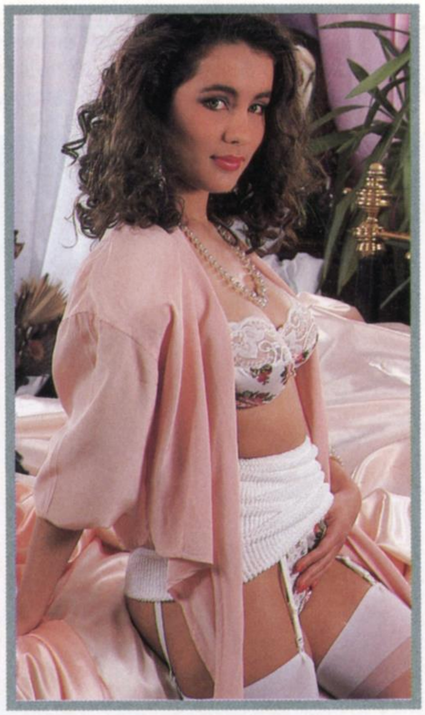
APRIL

The feel of satin against the skin — now there's something that gets April Stevens more breathless than an Olympic marathon runner!

"If I'm alone, I always spend my first half hour in bed just rolling around enjoying the cool fabric all over my body, and moaning and sighing to myself!" the 22-year-old from Willenhall says. "I never realised what a noise I made until a friend, Lisa, stayed in the next room one night. She thought I had a man with me! When I told her what it was, she slipped in beside me... what a night that was!

"I didn't know she was into girl-girl sex — as a matter of fact if I had known I would have invited her round to my place sooner!"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TERRY MUNNS



"As it turned out Lisa taught me a lezzie trick or two that I'd never thought of trying before. She introduced me to her amazing collection of dildos, vibros and even her male blow-up doll! That was something I'd never tried before and though it wasn't as good as the real thing it certainly was fun!"

KIRSTIE

Kirstie Keating, whose cute smile and sensuous curves starred in Vol 27 No 7, is a great example of a good girl made bad. "When I was sixteen butter wouldn't melt in my mouth and men were a dirty word. I spent all my time swatting for exams and trying to get top marks at school. Then along came a guy called Robert who took my virginity in my parents' bed. And from that moment to this, blokes have replaced English as my favourite subject. I'm becoming a bit of an expert actually, especially when it comes to chatting up!" reveals the gorgeous Glaswegian.

"I pride myself in being able to get any guy to take me to bed. It's all about body language," adds our blonde bombshell, talking loud and clear with her large, soft boobs. "But it's once I've got them between the sheets that I really come into my own. I never say no to any kind of sex! I didn't even touch myself until a year ago so I feel like I'm behind most girls my age and I've got some time to make up. There's so much I want to try, like threesomes, foursomes and even lezzie twosomes. It's just a matter of fitting them all in, if you know what I mean!"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
RALPH MEDLAND

for the first time. Then with a sigh I began to grind my pussy mound against my hand, opening my legs to welcome my middle finger deeper inside me...

"I wouldn't say I was easy," giggled Lisa, "but I was the best screw I've had in ages, even if I do say so myself!" Ⓜ

tracey harper

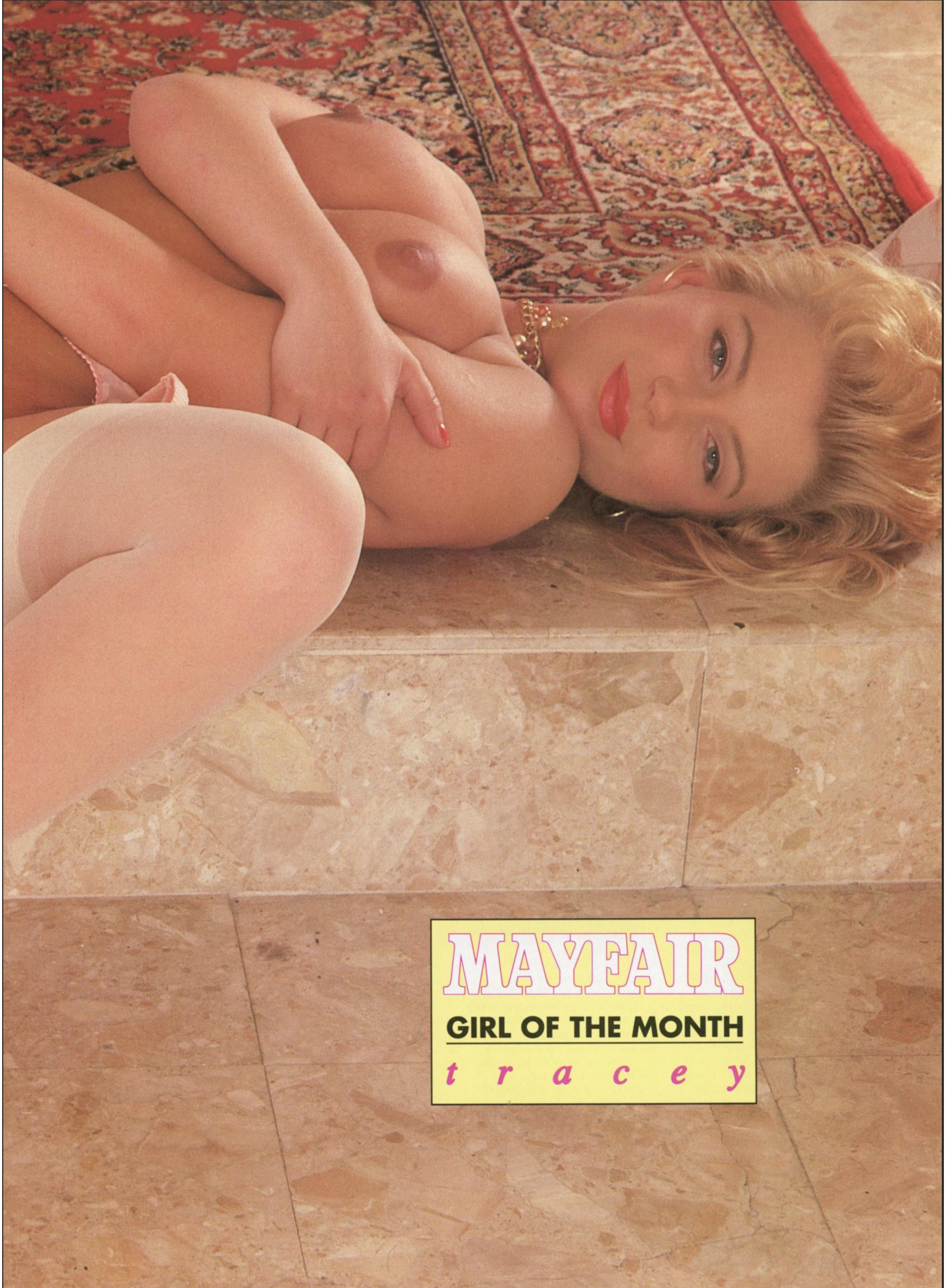
You'd think that being a Page Three girl by the age of 18 and a *Mayfair* favourite soon after would be enough to exhaust even the most ambitious 21-year-old. But then you didn't count on our 40-inch-boobed Brummie, Tracey

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GERALD HARRIS

Harper. Never one to sit back on her lush bum cheeks and absorb the glowing adulation of her thousands of fans, Tracey, whose perfect pussy you last glimpsed in Vol 27 No 2, now wants to have a crack at a spot of skinny-sky-diving!

"I've always wanted to try parachute jumping but when I heard that you can free-fall at speeds of 130 miles per hour I knew it would be even better doing it naked," reveals Tracey, her firm boobs jiggling as she starts to giggle.

But why, we ventured, would anyone want to do such a silly thing and with no togs on to boot? "Oh, that's easy," she told us. "For the same reason I never wear knickers when I'm riding a bike!" Ask a stupid question... Ⓜ



MAYFAIR

GIRL OF THE MONTH

tracey

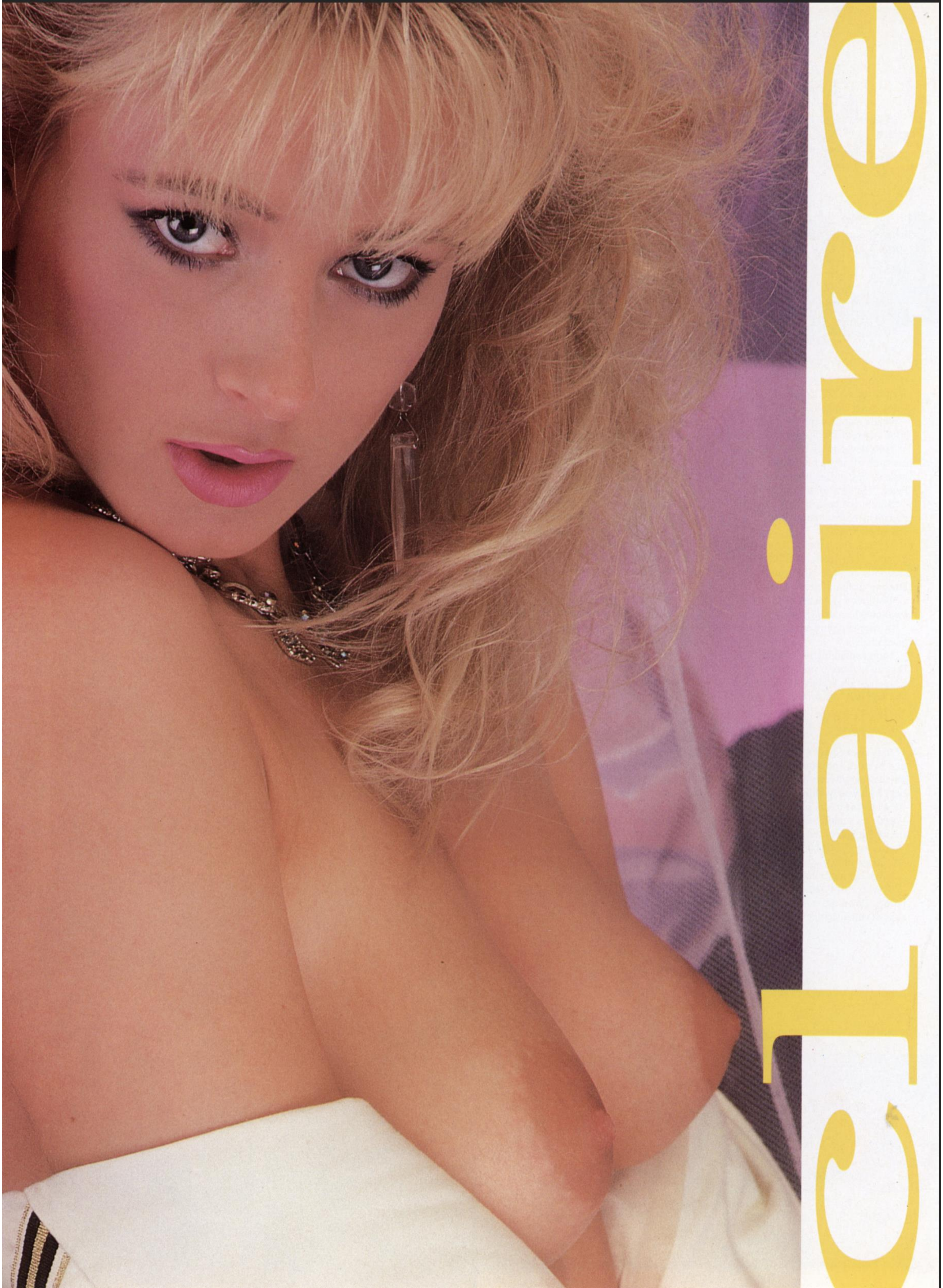
MAYFAIR

GIRL OF THE MONTH

tracey

"I don't just *think* I'm good in bed — I *know* I'm good in bed!" declares our curvaceous sex-kitten Claire from Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex. "I go to great lengths to satisfy a man between the sheets: champagne, sexy underwear and the tightest pussy I've ever had my finger up! If my mind wanders for five minutes while I'm at work, you can bet I'm sliding a pen inside my slick little love hole to practice my grip. You know it's the envy of all the other girls in the typing pool!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IAN POTTER


claire

"But it's not just my muscle control that makes me so sure I can give a man a good time. It's the way they return the compliment — with interest added, right where I want it! I wouldn't think it was too easy for a bloke to fake an orgasm, if you know what I mean," laughs our wicked 21-year-old. "But to fake it in my mouth would be downright impossible!"

JAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DON SPARKS

Juicy Jan from Taunton knows what she wants from a man — and what's more she knows exactly how to get it. "I knew I had a way with men even from an early age," confesses the slender 19-year-old reclining in her chair and sipping from an ice-cold martini. "At school the boys would go out of their way to help me with my homework and even the male teachers would be happy if I misbehaved and had to stay late with them after class.

"When I left school and went to work as a hotel receptionist I realised the rules of attraction are the same the world over: if you are nice to people and enjoy being generous they will do anything for you. And that applies to the bedroom too. I mean, how can I expect to have my pussy licked and caressed for hours on end by a man if I don't spend plenty of time sucking happily on his stiffy?" Point taken, Jan, but how do you go about giving a blow-job with a smile on your face? Ⓜ

JULIE-ANNE

Nineteen-year-old Julie-Anne, whose healthy form you last saw in Vol 27 No 6, is on a health kick so she's learning to say no to all the good things in life. "I smoked my last cigarette last month; scoffed my last bar of chocolate a week ago, and yesterday I sank my last ever vodka," reveals the shapely sex-kitten smugly. "And I feel better for it already. I'm cutting out all my vices and from now on nothing but water will pass my lips — except willies!

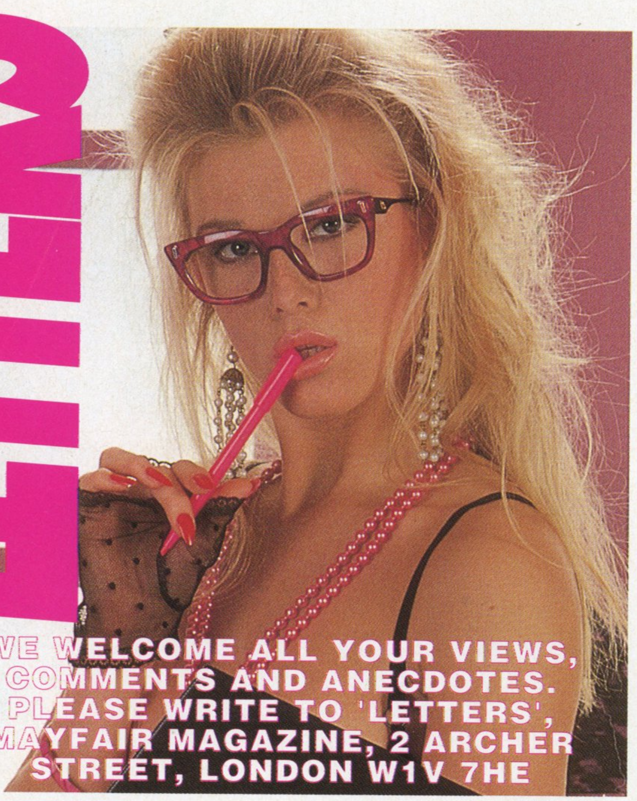
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER FLODQUIST

It's good to see not all Julie-Anne's vices have bitten the dust...

"I've got to draw the line somewhere and I draw mine about six inches below a guy's belly button. Some things are far too good to ever give up, and blow-jobs are most of them. I love to get my tongue around a rigid cock and lick it till it comes in my mouth. Mmm, the taste is terrific!

"In fact there's only one thing in the world I enjoy more than giving head — opening my legs and getting it, while puffing on a Marlborough, munching on a Flake and sipping an ice-cold Vladivar!"

LETTERS



WE WELCOME ALL YOUR VIEWS, COMMENTS AND ANECDOTES. PLEASE WRITE TO 'LETTERS', MAYFAIR MAGAZINE, 2 ARCHER STREET, LONDON W1V 7HE

LOVEABLE LATINKA

Whilst browsing through a copy of your magazine (Vol 27 No 4) in a railway station shop, the pages fell open on what I can only descibe as the horniest girl I've ever had the pleasure to set eyes on!

Lovely Latinka, the Russian beauty, convinced me to purchase a copy and off I rushed, eager to get home and examine her at my leisure. Mind you, I'm not a regular buyer of *Mayfair*, but the sight of her crouched on all fours had my pecker throbbing and I'll be certain to buy your magazine every month now!

I spent the whole afternoon fantasising about what I'd do if Latinka turned up at my house — though I don't know what I would have said to her if she had. The only Russian word I know is 'vodka'!

So while I get some language lessons maybe you could show me some more of my Soviet sex-kitten to keep me motivated! — N. H., Middlesbrough

MY DONNA!

My wife Donna and I have been married for six years and, as with many couples, our sex-life has become a little boring due to familiarity. So, to hopefully add a bit of excitement to our love-life, I left work early one afternoon with a big bunch of flowers and planned to surprise Donna who was at home.

I crept in quietly, listening intently for any noises which would help me locate which room she was in. From upstairs in the bedroom I could hear a little buzzing noise and as I crept up the stairs I thought that Donna must have been shaving her legs.

But when I opened the bedroom door I got the surprise of my life. Lying on the bed with her eyes closed and legs wide open with a vibrator plunging in and out of her pussy was Donna. And because she was so engrossed in pleasing herself she hadn't even noticed I'd entered the room.

Donna's breathing was really heavy and the way her lips were quivering made it obvious she was on the verge of orgasm. Seeing that flesh coloured vibro drive in and out of her was making my cock ache to be between her legs. Without making too much noise or movement I undressed, my eyes never leaving Donna and her wanking weapon.

Then as she was crying out, "I'm coming!" I climbed onto the bed and crouched over her. Her eyes sprung open in shock until she realised it was me. "What are you...?" mumbled Donna, her protests being crushed by my searching kisses.

Moving down along her neck my lips fluttered over her breasts and I could feel the vibrator tingle against my stomach as it continued to tease Donna's pussy.

Reaching down I took the sex toy in my own hands and began to fuck her with it. It was wider than my prick and it was nice to see how my wife's pussy looked close up while being fucked. I could see juice dribble along the side of the vibro and my cock was aching so hard now that I couldn't wait any longer to ride her.

Pulling the vibrator out of her I replaced it with my eager prick and began sliding in and out of her quickly. Because she was so worked up her cunny felt a little different — more slippery yet really throbbing.

Donna's legs were wrapped around my back and every stroke made her gasp loudly, a look of immense pleasure sweeping over her face. Seeing her so horny and riding her dreamy pussy made it impossible for me to hold back any longer. Like champagne being released from its bottle, my spunk gushed into her cunny, leaving Donna shaking with the intensity.

Donna's vibro now plays a major part in our sex-life. And whenever she's been good I go to the sex-shop and buy her a new one to add to our collection. I advise any *Mayfair* reader whose sex-life is a little dull to buy one. It makes the world of difference! — R. B., Birmingham

THE FOOD OF LOVE

Capture the heart of an Amazonian by treating her to her favourite aphrodisiac: a large bullfrog stuffed with Sphinx caterpillars and Peyote cactus on the side. Mmmm!

SHINY, HAPPY PEOPLE

My girlfriend likes wearing pretty underwear as much as I like seeing her in it, but she's always drawn the line at anything a bit 'kinky'. In vain I've bought her lacy corsets and crotchless panties, but she absolutely refused to wear them — until she got her hands on *Mayfair* Vol 27 No 5!

When I got home from work I found her lying on the sofa, engrossed in the article *The Latex Craze*. "Look at these incredible

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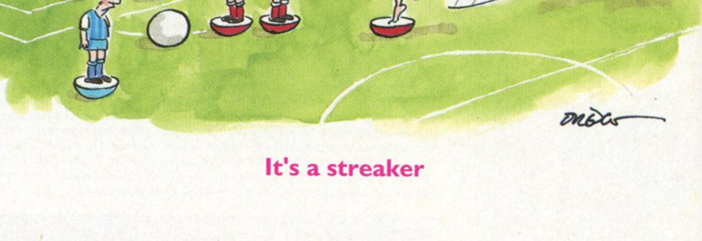

It's a streaker

LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

clothes!” she said, showing me the picture of a shapely bum encased in shiny black latex. “It must be really horny to wear something as naughty as that!”

Well, I’ve never been slow to take a hint, so the following day I bought her a cute little outfit of shiny black knickers and bra, with a matching suspender belt. It wasn’t quite as outrageous as some of the clothes you featured, but just imagining Julie in it had my imagination working overtime all afternoon!

As soon as I got home, I gave Julie her present. She disappeared into the bedroom — and reappeared an hour later, dressed up to the nines in a sexy black dress.

“Put your jacket on, we’re going out to dinner,” she announced. I didn’t argue, as I could tell she’d made her mind up. We were well into our first course before I had the nerve to ask her if she’d liked the underwear.

“Of course I did,” she whispered. “I’m wearing them right now. You wouldn’t believe how hot and wet those shiny knickers are making me!”

Not surprisingly, I spent the rest of the meal in a high state of excitement! At one point I even pretended to drop my serviette on the floor so I could bend under the table and get a peek up Julie’s skirt. She parted her legs for me to see her creamy thighs above her stocking tops, and her plump little pussy mound covered in shiny black latex.

After that, I couldn’t wait long enough to have coffee! We left the restaurant and drove stright home — rather too fast, but the anticipation was driving me crazy! As soon as we got through the door, Julie lifted her skirt up to her waist and stood above me on the stairs, turning around so I could see how closely the panties hugged her bum and outlined her pussy.

I dashed up the stairs after her and pulled her dress right off, feasting my eyes on the way her tits were squeezed so her nipples stood right out, and the knickers were so tight I could ever see the contours of her pussy lips through them. Julie was just as horny as me, sliding her hands between her thighs to stroke the smooth, slippery surface of her underwear.

My hands soon replaced hers, kneading the hot, glossy surface and easing it little by little between her pussy lips.

“Fuck me now,” she moaned. “I need your hard cock in my cunt!” It turns me on like crazy when Julie talks dirty to me, and my prick was throbbing as I pulled the crotch of the panties aside so I could fuck her.

She was dripping wet as I thrust my cock into her, and the added friction of the knickers rubbing against the base of my cock made it even

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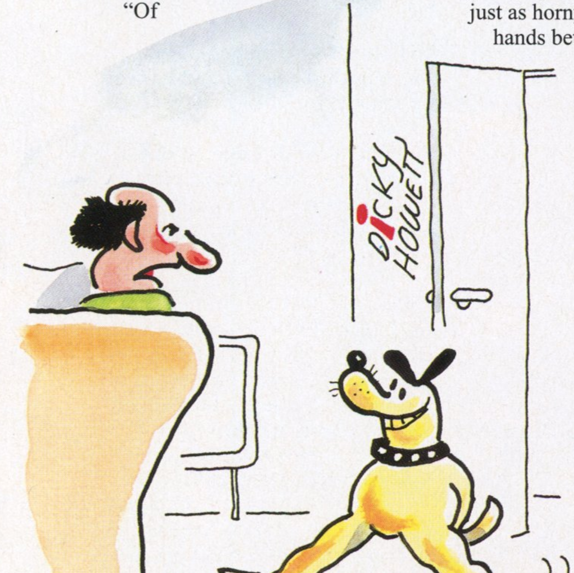

Stop mucking about and bring me my slippers!

MONEY

When money talks, it always talks first to our City Editor ***Alexander More...***

BT OR NOT BT...

News that once again BT (or British Tele-con as they used to be known) are still making £92 a minute profit should set you thinking about ringing the changes. Even after OFTEL’s demands to decrease charges, they still continue to make more money per minute than any naughty 0898 line. Admittedly, this quarter has been exceptional for them. They haven’t had to pay Maureen Lipman vast sums to appear in their TV ads, design a new logo or repaint their vans a dull Majorite grey again, though doubtless they will do so soon. But surely there’s an alternative to giving this company so much money... Yes, there is!

1) If you make a lot of business or foreign calls, change to Mercury, they will work out a lot cheaper.
2) If you make a lot of local calls, switch to one of the systems operated by cable TV — they are much cheaper. (It’s easy to tell if you’ve got cable in your road. If there’s a strip of different coloured tarmac that hasn’t been put back properly running the whole length of your street — chances are you’ve got cable!)
3) If you make a lot of 0898 calls, give it up. Read *Mayfair* instead.
4) If it’s work, fax them! It saves all the “Hello, nice day. Yes, it is warm isn’t it...” stuff that earns BT billions.
5) Ring people with answerphones when you know they’re out! Leave a message and let them ring you back.
6) Never ring anyone with a mobile or car phone. Why should you pay 25p just so they can be a poser?
7) Never ring Directory Enquiries. Use your phone book, and not just as emergency bog paper. If desperate ring DE from a call box, that’s still free.
8) Never make calls from pubs or privately owned payphones. They can be altered to charge a much higher rate than ordinary callboxes, and you’ll probably be too pissed to remember to press button A, and lose your money.
9) Ring people from work. It doesn’t stop BT from making a fortune, but at least the boss gets some back from the Inland Revenue.
10) Don’t get sucked into flirtatious banter with the switchboard girl if you’re paying. It costs money, and you’re not even gonna get a goodnight kiss. Besides she’s probably an old dog anyway.

CASH FLASH

We’ve just heard that one building society is planning to merge their TESSA with SERPS to form a new pension plan for miserable old grannies with no money, called TERPS. The slogan designed to appeal to their younger relatives reads: ‘TERPS — the liquid asset to help get those awkward things off your hands’.

BRANSON’S SAUCE

Have you heard, they’re thinking of privatising the railways? You’d never guess, would you? On Not-work Southeast more paint is going on the trains than people. Next the ‘British’ will disappear from BR to form Rail plc with different divisions for trains, track, property etc. This will leave the path open for private operators to move in with their own trains serving profitable routes.

One service already planned is Richard Branson’s Highwayman trains which offer luxury at a price. In fact, the cost of the Virgin puffer will be so much greater that they are expected to lure customers with certain enticements. One currently mooted is that ‘top shelf’ titles will be on sale on these trains, including *Mayfair*. So even if the train doesn’t come on time, at least you will.

Perhaps Big Dick wants to keep up with the indiscretions of his wife (recently exposed in our magazine), or does the new railway entrepreneur just have a one-track mind?

Meanwhile, Kent commuters must be wondering which will come first, privatisation or the much vaunted new Networker trains to replace the 40-year-old stock currently running round the county. A nice large illuminated sign on Charing Cross shows what the new train will look like when it comes and also proudly boasts that the Networker is ‘on track to modernise Kent Railways 1991-1994’. I couldn’t help mentioning to one railman that we’re two-thirds of the way through 1992, and still no sign. It seems the Networker is running 18 (that’s one eight) months late. British Rail regrets the inconvenience caused...

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

certainly caught my attention. I could feel my pussy tingling, and the growing bulge in his trousers told me he was thinking the same as me.

Without a word, he came over to me and put his hands on my boobs. In an instant my nipples were rock hard, pressing into his palms. I peeled my top off to expose my creamy tits in a lacy black bra.

Danny buried his face between my plump mounds, then undid the catch on my bra and pulled it off. When he sucked gently on first one throbbing nipple, then the other, I couldn't contain my moans of excitement.

Danny sucked my nipples with the devotion of a true tit fanatic, running his tongue around each in turn until I thought my legs would give way, I was so aroused. I sat on the desk and pulled my skirt up over my thighs, so I could frig my pussy while Danny played with my tits.

I thought I would die of frustration if I didn't get some cock soon, so I pulled out Danny's meat — rock hard by now — and guided it into my soaking cunt. He kept sucking my boobs as he thrust up me over and over again, and I was soon enjoying the most powerful orgasm I'd had in ages. My nipples felt so sensitive that I kept right on coming as Danny lapped at them.

"Fuck my boobs, Danny," I moaned. "I know that's what you want!" He pulled out of my pussy and slid his cock along my cleavage, as I wrapped my warm tit-flesh around his shaft. Then he started pumping between my boobs, and every time his cock head poked out of my cleavage I gave it a little lick. It didn't take much of that before he was shooting his hot cream all over my tits, burying his fingers in my snatch at the same time so I came too.

Of course, once Danny had got his hands on my boobs there was no stopping him, and these days it's not unusual for him to spend his lunch hour in the stockroom with me, balling my boobs to his heart's content — and my pussy's satisfaction! — Kathy, Northampton

THE FOOD OF LOVE

The perfect way to end the day for many Indian girls is to have a good bang. While some like to smoke their bang, most prefer to chew it to savour the full flavour of the hemp seeds and leaves and to prolong their orgasm!

BROADS ON BOARD!

Holidays are always a good time to meet girls, but I never thought I'd be lucky enough to spend my summer vacation with two girls, and in the same bed too! Or should I say 'the same bunk', because it was while on a flotilla holiday in the Greek Islands earlier this year that I met Nina and Jane, two London girls with more on their minds than sun and sea.

Our vessel, a 36 foot, fast cruising yacht was home to seven of us, including the skipper, for two weeks. But after three or four days at sea I began to think that I'd chosen the wrong kind of holiday. The three male passengers were stuffy sailing types who were more interested in spinnakers than sex; and although I took a liking to Jane and Nina as soon as I spotted them, after the first night they stuck to each other like super glue.

So, resigning myself to a fuckless fortnight, I indulged in swimming, sunbathing and drinking to pass the time. Then one afternoon, anchored off the rocky coast of Paxos in the Ionian islands, I was catching some sun on the bow of the boat while the skipper took the others ashore when I heard some banging sounds from below deck. Thinking that the two girls had accompanied the others to the island I crept up to the hatch doors and peered down inside the yacht.

At first it was too dark to make anything out, but then as my eyes adjusted to the shade, I could clearly discern the semi-naked figure of Jane as she took what appeared to be a long plastic dildo and slid it into Nina's exposed pink pussy from behind. The banging was made by Nina's hands as they crashed into the headboard in the cramped conditions of Jane's berth.

I could hardly believe what I was so clearly seeing, but at least it explained why the two friends had been so inseperable these last few days. As I watched I became very aroused and it wasn't

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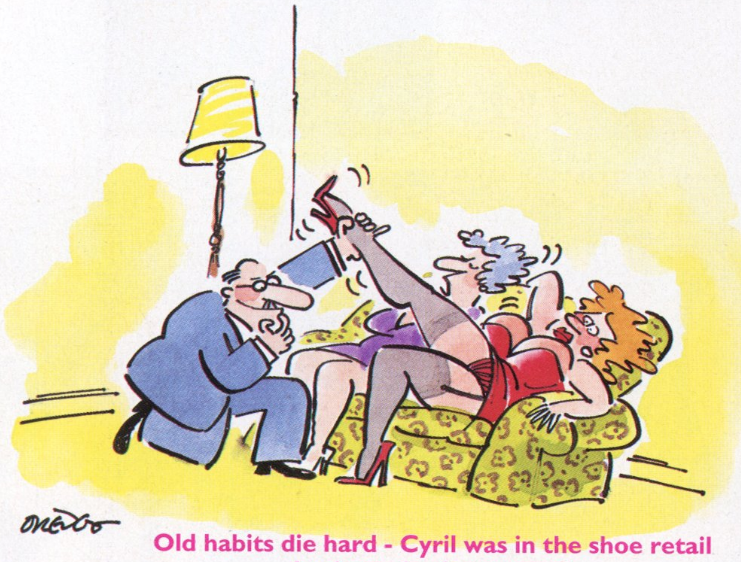

Old habits die hard - Cyril was in the shoe retail business for forty years!

CONNECTIONS

More weak links than a pork butcher's cheap sausage display...

Robert Maxwell spent a lot of his time playing around with The Mirror and liked having a finger in everything

AS DOES

Mayfair model Carol from Vol 27 No 7 who has a truly talented fanny

AS DOES

Johnny Craddock who showed us how to put buns in the oven on TV

AS DOES

Dawn Davies, star of *Lovers Guide II*, a blonde who can obviously make a great impression when needed

AS CAN

Les Dennis, along with dozens of bad ones, which is why he appears on the Russ Abbot TV show

AS DOES

Lisa Maxwell who has since struggled to find the right vehicle to keep her afloat

AS DID

Robert Maxwell

LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

better. She yelled and squealed as I pumped into her, and after she'd come once, wrapping her legs tight around my back, I turned her over to do it doggy-style.

I squeezed and fondled her latex-clad bum cheeks as I slid into her cunt again, and she wriggled with pleasure. This time when she came it was all too much for me, and I shot my spunk inside her, pulling out at the last moment so the final spurt sprayed over her bum. Then I had great fun rubbing it all into the slippery panties until I was hard enough to fuck her again!

Julie never hesitates now when I buy her naughty underwear — in fact, she's even more excited by it than I am. So thanks *Mayfair*, from both of us! — Simon, Leeds

TITS THE REAL THING!

A lot of girls say they have sensitive nipples, but mine are hyper-sensitive. They harden in an instant, at the slightest contact, and stand out no matter what I'm wearing.

It can be embarrassing to see a guy's eyes fixed pointedly on my chest, but it can also lead to some fantastic sex! The latest was a new guy at my office, Danny, who just couldn't seem to tear his eyes away from my boobs.

One afternoon, when we were the only two left in the office, I decided to confront him with it.

"Danny, how come you stare at my tits all the time?" I asked him.

He blushed bright red, but managed to stutter, "Sorry, Kathy. I can't help it! You've got fantastic boobs, and those nipples are incredible!"

It had never occured to me that something could happen between the two of us, but his words

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

IN BRIEFS

'On my 18th birthday (Axl) took me to a beauty spot looking out over Los Angeles and made a little picnic.

'He produced a bottle of white German wine and some almonds, which I liked. Afterwards he took me to see a porno film.' — *Gina Siler, ex-girlfriend of* Guns n' Roses *crooner Axl Rose*

'I got laid more times when I was working in a bar in New York than I have as an actor.' — *Bruce Willis*

'He's so perfect. How can a man be so gorgeous? He must have a small dick or something.' — *Madonna on* Mambo King *Antonio Banderas*

'Why do guys think they're the only ones that have urges? Girls get horny too.' — *Winona Ryder*

'I like hard, fast sex, but I like a little romance too.' — *Kim Basinger*

Frank Galto, an armed gunman was shot by a security guard during a robbery of a Pittsburgh bank. The wound was near fatal, but his life was saved by a skilled local doctor who removed the bullet lodged within inches of his heart. Galto was later tried and found guilty of armed robbery, and the bullet was later used as evidence against him. Galto tried to get the sentence quashed by suing the surgeon who had removed the bullet for 'illegal seizure and search'. *Pittsburgh Herald*

Dutch burglar Rudi Van Veer was caught by police after escaping from prison. He lost parole and was sentenced to a further year after unsuccessfully claiming that he escaped by accident. He says he was practising pole vaulting in the prison yard when he accidentally vaulted himself over the prison wall and once outside found himself in an area that was unfamiliar to him and promptly got lost trying to find his way back into jail. Police pointed out that he must have got really lost as he was found in a town 50 kilometres away and that the prison wall at 20 feet tall was a full foot higher than the world record for pole vaulting. *Rotterdam News*

Bob Cleaves, a hospital porter from Swindon found himself in one of the beds due to a garlic sausage. But it wasn't through food poisoning, it was assault. He was hit over the head with it after catching a thief trying to steal food from the hospital kitchen. The porter was knocked clean out. "It could have been worse," mused Bob. "It could have been frozen." *Swindon Reporter*

Our Survey Says...

With the aid of the Mayfair computer (our secretary and her £9.99 calculator) we bring you our poll of polls compiled by combining everyone else's sex surveys...

Our Sample

This month five magazines featured opinion polls about fore-play. By combining the results we're able to bring you the true facts of life.

Ten Items of Clothing Men Find Sexiest

1) Silk Lingerie (33%)
2) Mini-skirts (25%)
3) Low cut dresses (15%)
4) Teeshirts without bras (9%)
5) Tight jeans (7%)
6) Rubber or PVC (6.5%)
7) Wet clothing (6%)
8) No clothing at all (5%)
9) Uniforms (4%)
10) Skintight evening dress (2%)

Ten Items of Clothing Women find Sexiest

1) Tight jeans (25%)
2) Policemen's or Firemen's Uniforms (20%)
3) Boxers (23%)
4) Expensive suit (22%)
5) Not-too-tight teeshirt (with no beer gut) (15%)
6) Posing pouch (12%)
7) Wet jeans (10%)
8) Long shorts (7%)
9) Black bikini briefs (5%)
10) Nothing (2%)

Both sets of figures distorted by interviewees nominating more than one type of outfit. Where this happened a "proportional representation" system was adopted.

Men's Top Ten Forms Of Foreplay

1) Oral sex on man (20%)
2) Slow striptease (18%)
3) Wearing saucy underwear, stockings etc (15%)
4) Wearing fetishistic gear (rubber, leather, chains etc) (12%)
5) Naughty nightwear (10%)
6) None (8%)
7) Food smearing, licking etc (4%)
8) Watching dirty videos together in bed (3.5%)
9) Role playing (teacher and pupil games etc) (2%)
10) Foot massage (1%)

Women's Top Ten Forms of Foreplay

1) Foot massage, toe sucking, sole licking etc (22%)
2) Gentle kissing, licking of body, nipple nuzzling (18%)
3) Oral sex on woman (15%)
4) Candlelit dinner for two (10%)
5) The element of surprise! (Something unexpected!) (7%)
6) Role play (uniformed man and lady) (5%)
7) Food smearing, licking etc (4%)
8) Watching romantic videos together in bed (3%)
9) Sharing a shower, bath (2.5%)
10) Anything! (1%)

Five Things Women Hate Most About Men

1) Sexist comments
2) Getting drunk
3) Poor personal hygiene
4) Laziness
5) Going to sleep when she's expecting sex!

So beware all you toe-sucking firemen with tight jeans on, you could be in for a busy month!

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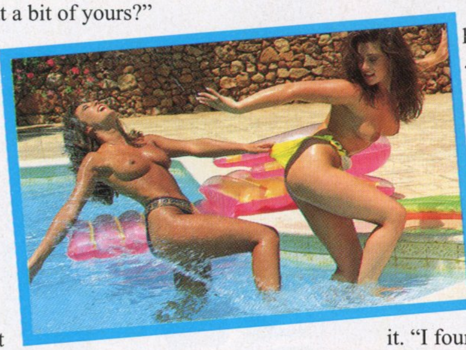
"Oh it's you!" laughed Jane, staring at my flagging cock and come-covered chest. "It's John, and he's got something for us..." And with that Jane grabbed me by the dick and tugged me in the direction of the cabin.

"You have been a naughty boy! It's lucky we caught you when we did or you might have wasted more of that yummy white stuff on your tummy," squealed Nina. "I've had a taste of Jane's come already, so how about a bit of yours?"



So Nina made room for me on the bunk and got to work on my cock, sucking it back to life. At the same time Jane knelt on the floor in front of her friend and made an intimate search of Nina's pussy with her tongue.

Satisfied with her handywork, Nina eventually stopped sucking, sat up, looked proudly at my erect cock and said, "Who's going to have it first then?"

There was no need for a reply as Jane pushed me back on the bed and impaled her moist fanny on my length. As she rode me I could feel every inch of me going in and out of her tight hole. Jane might be bisexual, I thought as Nina tucked into her swinging boobs, but she sure knows how to satisfy a bloke!

And satisfied I certainly was as Nina kissed her way down Jane's body and licked at her wet pubes. Every time my cock slid out of Jane's pussy Nina licked it clean, then I plunged it back inside.

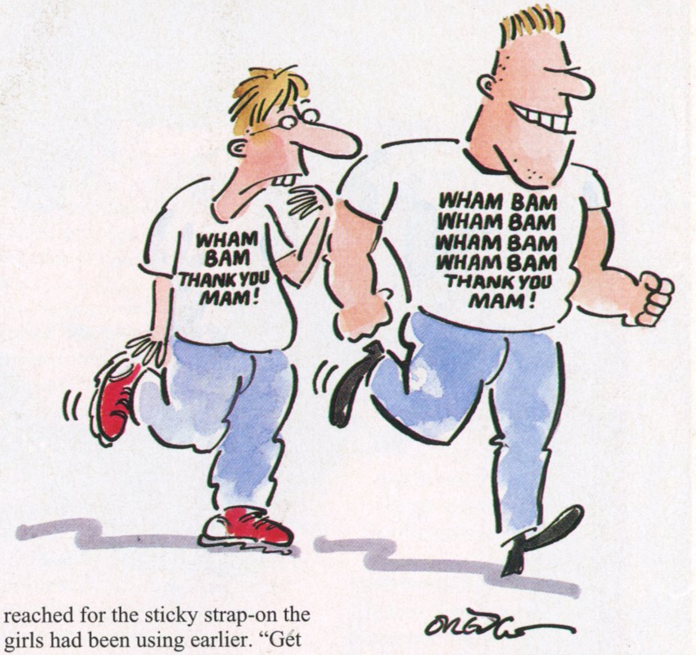
When I had fucked Jane for a few minutes I thought I'd give Nina a go before I came but Jane was having none of it. "I found him, so I want him!" she joked, eager to be filled with my come. "If you want fucking, Nina, you'll have to wait!"

But I had another idea and reached for the sticky strap-on the girls had been using earlier. "Get this on, Jane and get fucking!"

Jane quickly fitted the plastic device and positioned herself behind Nina's cunt while I, in turn, got behind Jane. Then with one thrust I entered her, pushing Jane's hips forward so she could get the dildo into Nina's pussy.

It was the strangest thing I had ever done! We bucked along in our human train for ages before Nina began to come. Jane leaned forward and massaged her firm boobs to help her on her way, then she groaned sexily and collapsed in a heap in front of her friend who managed to come too, just as I shot my load deep inside her love hole.

The rest of the afternoon we lay together, kissing and caressing, stroking and licking, before the rest of the crew returned and we had to go back on deck. I later found out that Jane had introduced Nina to lesbian sex on the very first night of our trip but, she was keen to admit, I was always going to be next on her list! — John, Richmond.


WHAM BAM THANK YOU MAM!
WHAM BAM WHAM BAM WHAM BAM WHAM BAM THANK YOU MAM!

Next month in Mayfair

"Come on! I can't wait forever!" says Camilla, star of next month's *Mayfair*. She's ready and waiting in her favourite position — and not a little impatient, so get a move on and make a dirty date with our cutest ever sex-kitten in

Volume 27 Number 9 on sale August 27

LETTERS

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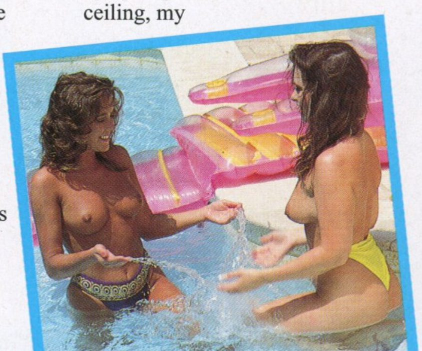
long before my trunks were bulging with a hard-on desperate to be satisfied. But what to do next? I couldn't exactly barge in there while Nina, who was now reaching down between her legs to frig her clit, and Jane were still at it. We had more than a week of the holiday still to go and I didn't want to create an embarrassing atmosphere for all of us. So I decided to sit back and enjoy the show, relieve the aching in my trunks and pretend nothing had ever happened. As it turned out, however, my decision (not to mention my dick) was taken right out of my hands.

Managing to open the hatch doors a little further, I positioned myself so that I could see the two girls in action, and get my hand working on my shaft at the same time. I watched amazedly as Nina began to climax from her friend's attentions. She screamed out loud and shook violently as Jane withdrew the plastic penis with a slurping sound, then lowered her head so her mouth was level with Nina's pussy and plunged her thrusting tongue deep inside. Her mouth ate Nina's minge like it was a sticky blonde peach, licking at the juices which were oozing from inside her pal. Then when Nina turned around and kissed her own come from Jane's lips, their tongues mingling in an erotic french kiss, the whole scene became too much for me and, with one final stroke, I shot my load.

However I didn't quite manage to get my hand up to the end of my prick quickly enough and the force of my orgasm sent a thin stream of opaque spunk in the direction of the ceiling, my chest — and Jane's back!

"What the..?!" squealed Jane as the sudden realisation that she had been soaked by something sticky came over her. "I think we've got company, Nina. Who's up there?"

For a moment I didn't know what to do. Should I throw myself over the side and swim away, or just own up? But even as I paused to make up my mind Jane sprang up from the bed and flung open the hatch doors, knocking me backwards onto the deck, cock still very firmly in hand!



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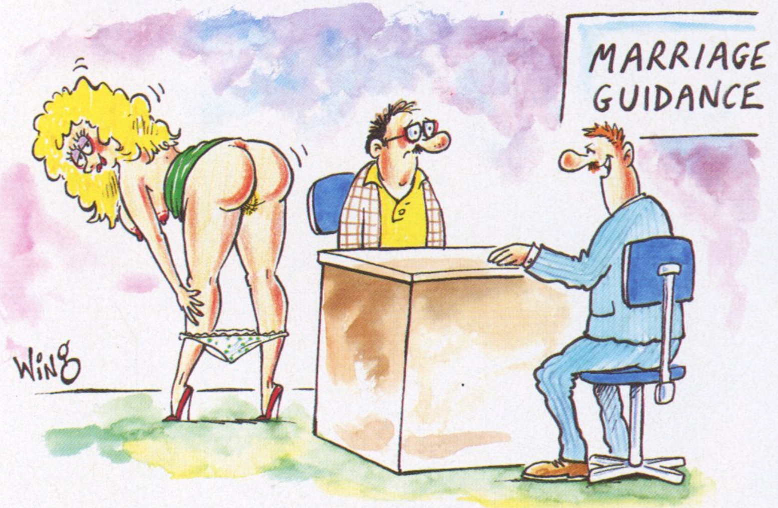


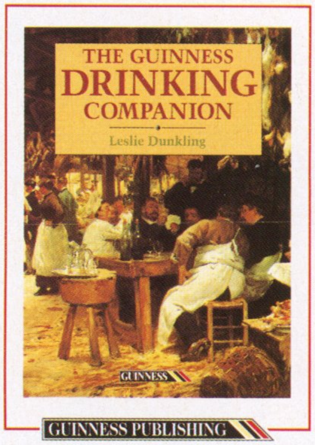
Now what's this absurd notion that your wife flirts with other men behind your back?

STUFF

You'll never get through August without...

Spending £59.99 on an *SF-4300 Digital Diary*, the 1992 version of Your Little Black Book, so you can store nearly 1400 girls' names and numbers. Then use the calculator to add up the cost of a night out with your chosen chick. The Memo Pad comes in handy when keeping notes on what gets her going between the sheets, and the alarm clock will wake you up just in time to hide in the wardrobe before her husband comes home. There's even a Secret area where confidential data can be kept from prying eyes by using a password. All you need then is another *SF-4300* to store the password so you don't forget it.

Taking the *Guiness Drinking Companion* for an evening at your local. The 232 page book can't play pool and won't even look after your pint while you go to the bog, but at least you don't have to buy it a drink for sitting on your lap.



Visiting *The Kite Shop* in Covent Garden, London for a flying start in the art of *Flexi-foiling*. In the right hands these duvet-shaped kites can be coaxed into doing the most outrageous stunts at speeds of up to 120mph! A *Force 10* will set you back a sky-high £420 but smaller ones come at a fraction of the cost. One of the greenest, cleanest hobbies you can have, kite-flying can also be dirty as this Stockings and Suspenders version shows. Even Durex are rumoured to be bringing out their own range of foils, coming in packs of three and only going up once before you throw them away.

LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

clothes!" she said, showing me the picture of a shapely bum encased in shiny black latex. "It must be really horny to wear something as naughty as that!"

Well, I've never been slow to take a hint, so the following day I bought her a cute little outfit of shiny black knickers and bra, with a matching suspender belt. It wasn't quite as outrageous as some of the clothes you featured, but just imagining Julie in it had my imagination working overtime all afternoon!

As soon as I got home, I gave Julie her present. She disappeared into the bedroom — and reappeared an hour later, dressed up to the nines in a sexy black dress.

"Put your jacket on, we're going out to dinner," she announced. I didn't argue, as I could tell she'd made her mind up. We were well into our first course before I had the nerve to ask her if she'd liked the underwear.

"Of course I did," she whispered. "I'm wearing them right now. You wouldn't believe how hot and wet those shiny knickers are making me!"

Not surprisingly, I spent the rest of the meal in a high state of excitement! At one point I even pretended to drop my serviette on the floor so I could bend under the table and get a peek up Julie's skirt. She parted her legs for me to see her creamy thighs above her stocking tops, and her plump little pussy mound covered in shiny black latex.

After that, I couldn't wait long enough to have coffee! We left the restaurant and drove stright home — rather too fast, but the anticipation was driving me crazy! As soon as we got through the door, Julie lifted her skirt up to her waist and stood above me on the stairs, turning around so I could see how closely the panties hugged her bum and outlined her pussy.

I dashed up the stairs after her and pulled her dress right off, feasting my eyes on the way her tits were squeezed so her nipples stood right out, and the knickers were so tight I could ever see the contours of her pussy lips through them. Julie was just as horny as me, sliding her hands between her thighs to stroke the smooth, slippery surface of her underwear.

My hands soon replaced hers, kneading the hot, glossy surface and easing it little by little between her pussy lips.

"Fuck me now," she moaned. "I need your hard cock in my cunt!" It turns me on like crazy when Julie talks dirty to me, and my prick was throbbing as I pulled the crotch of the panties aside so I could fuck her.

She was dripping wet as I thrust my cock into her, and the added friction of the knickers rubbing against the base of my cock made it even

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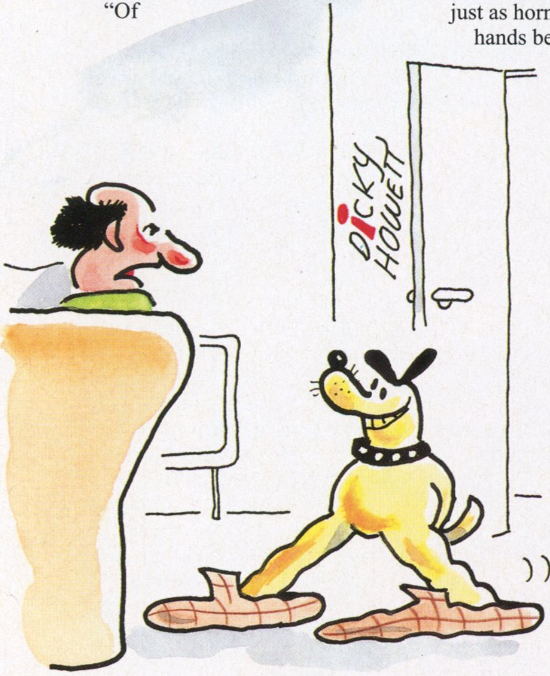


Stop mucking about and bring me my slippers!

MONEY

When money talks, it always talks first to our City Editor ***Alexander More...***

BT OR NOT BT...

News that once again BT (or British Tele-con as they used to be known) are still making £92 a minute profit should set you thinking about ringing the changes. Even after OFTEL's demands to decrease charges, they still continue to make more money per minute than any naughty 0898 line. Admittedly, this quarter has been exceptional for them. They haven't had to pay Maureen Lipman vast sums to appear in their TV ads, design a new logo or repaint their vans a dull Majorite grey again, though doubtless they will do so soon. But surely there's an alternative to giving this company so much money... Yes, there is!

1) If you make a lot of business or foreign calls, change to Mercury, they will work out a lot cheaper.
2) If you make a lot of local calls, switch to one of the systems operated by cable TV — they are much cheaper. (It's easy to tell if you've got cable in your road. If there's a strip of different coloured tarmac that hasn't been put back properly running the whole length of your street — chances are you've got cable!)
3) If you make a lot of 0898 calls, give it up. Read *Mayfair* instead.
4) If it's work, fax them! It saves all the "Hello, nice day. Yes, it is warm isn't it..." stuff that earns BT billions.
5) Ring people with answerphones when you know they're out! Leave a message and let them ring you back.
6) Never ring anyone with a mobile or car phone. Why should you pay 25p just so they can be a poser?
7) Never ring Directory Enquiries. Use your phone book, and not just as emergency bog paper. If desperate ring DE from a call box, that's still free.
8) Never make calls from pubs or privately owned payphones. They can be altered to charge a much higher rate than ordinary callboxes, and you'll probably be too pissed to remember to press button A, and lose your money.
9) Ring people from work. It doesn't stop BT from making a fortune, but at least the boss gets some back from the Inland Revenue.
10) Don't get sucked into flirtatious banter with the switchboard girl if you're paying. It costs money, and you're not even gonna get a goodnight kiss. Besides she's probably an old dog anyway.

CASH FLASH

We've just heard that one building society is planning to merge their TESSA with SERPS to form a new pension plan for miserable old grannies with no money, called TERPS. The slogan designed to appeal to their younger relatives reads: 'TERPS — the liquid asset to help get those awkward things off your hands'.

BRANSON'S SAUCE

Have you heard, they're thinking of privatising the railways? You'd never guess, would you? On Not-work Southeast more paint is going on the trains than people. Next the 'British' will disappear from BR to form Rail plc with different divisions for trains, track, property etc. This will leave the path open for private operators to move in with their own trains serving profitable routes.

One service already planned is Richard Branson's Highwayman trains which offer luxury at a price. In fact, the cost of the Virgin puffer will be so much greater that they are expected to lure customers with certain enticements. One currently mooted is that 'top shelf' titles will be on sale on these trains, including *Mayfair*. So even if the train doesn't come on time, at least you will.

Perhaps Big Dick wants to keep up with the indiscretions of his wife (recently exposed in our magazine), or does the new railway entrepreneur just have a one-track mind?

Meanwhile, Kent commuters must be wondering which will come first, privatisation or the much vaunted new Networker trains to replace the 40-year-old stock currently running round the county. A nice large illuminated sign on Charing Cross shows what the new train will look like when it comes and also proudly boasts that the Networker is 'on track to modernise Kent Railways 1991-1994'. I couldn't help mentioning to one railman that we're two-thirds of the way through 1992, and still no sign. It seems the Networker is running 18 (that's one eight) months late. British Rail regrets the inconvenience caused...

MAYFAIR

TIGHT ARSE OF THE MONTH

This issue's shiny sphincter award, the bullion-plated bum of *Mayfair* model Melanie, goes to the G.P.s in the Bradford area. It's highly appropriate as the doctors there are looking for piles — of cash. The sort of NHS shortages that have led to at least one hospital trust replacing some of its entrance hall with a McDonalds, has encouraged the medical men to start charging for night visits. A fee of around £10 is being considered. One doctor said it was to discourage people from calling the doctor at night except in cases of 'real emergency'. They didn't mention whether the charge would apply in a 'real emergency' or not. Although we're sure it isn't only Bradford quacks who are considering cashing in on the bed-bound, you're the lucky recipients of our golden glittering glutinous maximus all ready for examination. It's alright, you don't have to call to collect it, we'll deliver — 3am suit?

MAID OF MONEY

When we last checked out our pert pair of pundits, the two girls we gave a tenner to turn into a million, their fortunes were differing considerably. After being prudent on the stock market, prim Kathy Priam had achieved bugger-all but now she's thrown caution to the winds and thanks to her own 0898 lines was already up to £750. Jill Brooks on the other hand blew her three-and-a-half grand on an MGB which turned out to be a classic mistake — it was the 70s model nobody much liked and plummeted in value.

So this time it was silly Jilly who decided to play the stock market. Hearing that rail privatisation was on the way, she put £500 of the £1,500 she eventually got for the American-fendered MGB in shares of BREL (the already privatised engineering department of BR), thinking they would need a fuck of a lot of new coaches to keep the railways running. Wrong! BREL shares did well during the brief possibility of a Labour government but fell from around £10 to less than £2 when the Tories were re-elected.

However whilst Jill discovered that John Major couldn't make everything go up, Kath found dirty dialogue could. Her 0898 lines prompted a series of videos which she co-produced with the video company, waiving her fee in return for 50 per cent of the profits. Her foot fetish and pervy PVC films are now being sold mail order (where she nets full price) before going for distribution in the shops (where she'll get less money but sell a lot more!). Jill now has a regular 0898 income of £1,000 a month and the videos have so far sold 200 copies with her receiving £15 each. Total for this month: £4,500, and a new hobby.

"I never knew what fun having your toes sucked could be! It really gets me horny!" she said.

Jilly's down to £1,000 but says she has something just waiting to take off. It's her underwear, but what will she do after that? Find out next month, only in *Mayfair*.

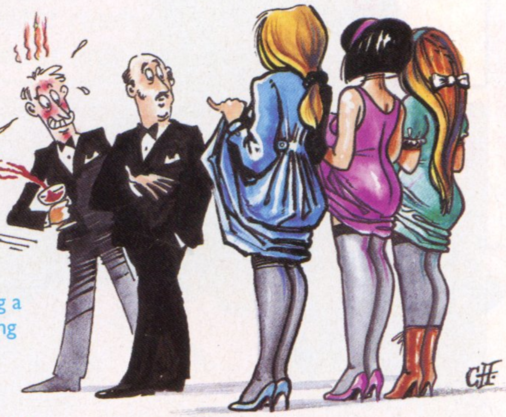
SHARES NEWS

The latest from *Mayfair's* own FU Index of 100 very blue chip companies. British Dildo is up one whilst French knickers have dropped leaving a bare market. Silicon Tits remain buoyant, but D-Cup Bras are also holding up well. Finally, United Honeymoon Couples are expected to merge at close of business today. Then again at 8pm, 10pm, then midnight...

Thank you, Ronnie, and it's goodnight from me and a goodnight from him!

MODERN MANNERS

Etiquette advisor ***Lavinia Garden*** *with the column bearing the most uninspired title outside of the House of Lords...*



SOME PUSSY POINTERS

Basil of Essex writes asking if there are any formal rules for playing with a girl's pussy. The answer is very definitely yes. It is considered the height of rudeness to touch a girl's fanny without first being introduced, and spending a considerable time fondling her boobs. Then, and only then, should you head between the thighs. It's like working in an Edwardian household but in reverse. You have to spend a long time upstairs before you're allowed downstairs!

When you do finally get to the object of her desires, don't just prod away at the centre. It should be savoured like a seven course meal, with the same rules as for cutlery — you work from the outside in. The only difference between a sumptuous repast and cunnilingus is that with the latter, you end with the fish course.

DO'S AND DON'TS

Social faux pas aren't always one's own fault. Take a situation where one finds oneself at a party, enjoying a satisfying No 2 only to find that there's no toilet paper! You really are in it, so how do you emerge without blotting your copybook?

DON'T use your underpants to wipe your bottom and flush them. They usually block the toilet.

DO throw them into next door's garden instead. But make sure they don't hit the greenhouse.

DON'T use the palm of your hand. You could be meeting strangers later on, and a warm handshake will take on a whole new meaning.

WELCOME TO YOUR WORST NIGHTMARE, SUCKER!!

DO use it if there's a wash basin with soap, Swarfega, deodorant and a nail brush.

DON'T use your hands at all if there's a finger buffet afterwards! However clean, you'll know where they've been.

DO consider using the paperback they keep for a little dump time reading. The pages are soft, and chances are if it's a Jeffrey Archer, they won't even notice the missing bits.

DON'T use the pages of their glossy magazine otherwise the latest smear story will be about your cleft.

DO search their cupboards for bathroom stationery. You'll learn a lot about them at the same time.

DON'T use the cardboard ring unless you want to give yourself a sphynterectomy. For a tubular object, the corners are sharp as hell.

PARDON ME!

Finally Martin from Norwich asks if there is any difference between the terms used to address life peers and hereditary peers, namely those who have inherited their titles rather than earned them. In my view, indeed there is. A life peer should simply be called 'Your Lordship' or 'Your Ladyship'. A hereditary peer on the other hand should be addressed as, 'You lucky bastard.' The longer form, 'You lucky bastard who's never done a day's work in your bloody life, you lazy git' is not acceptable.

Illustrations by Chris Harding

LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

better. She yelled and squealed as I pumped into her, and after she'd come once, wrapping her legs tight around my back, I turned her over to do it doggy-style.

I squeezed and fondled her latex-clad bum cheeks as I slid into her cunt again, and she wriggled with pleasure. This time when she came it was all too much for me, and I shot my spunk inside her, pulling out at the last moment so the final spurt sprayed over her bum. Then I had great fun rubbing it all into the slippery panties until I was hard enough to fuck her again!

Julie never hesitates now when I buy her naughty underwear — in fact, she's even more excited by it than I am. So thanks *Mayfair*, from both of us! — Simon, Leeds

TITS THE REAL THING!

A lot of girls say they have sensitive nipples, but mine are hyper-sensitive. They harden in an instant, at the slightest contact, and stand out no matter what I'm wearing.

It can be embarrassing to see a guy's eyes fixed pointedly on my chest, but it can also lead to some fantastic sex! The latest was a new guy at my office, Danny, who just couldn't seem to tear his eyes away from my boobs.

One afternoon, when we were the only two left in the office, I decided to confront him with it.

"Danny, how come you stare at my tits all the time?" I asked him.

He blushed bright red, but managed to stutter, "Sorry, Kathy. I can't help it! You've got fantastic boobs, and those nipples are incredible!"

It had never occured to me that something could happen between the two of us, but his words

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

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'He produced a bottle of white German wine and some almonds, which I liked. Afterwards he took me to see a porno film.' — *Gina Siler, ex-girlfriend of* Guns n' Roses *crooner Axl Rose*

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5) Not-too-tight teeshirt (with no beer gut) (15%)
6) Posing pouch (12%)
7) Wet jeans (10%)
8) Long shorts (7%)
9) Black bikini briefs (5%)
10) Nothing (2%)

Both sets of figures distorted by interviewees nominating more than one type of outfit. Where this happened a "proportional representation" system was adopted.

Men's Top Ten Forms Of Foreplay

1) Oral sex on man (20%)
2) Slow striptease (18%)
3) Wearing saucy underwear, stockings etc (15%)
4) Wearing fetishistic gear (rubber, leather, chains etc) (12%)

5) Naughty nightwear (10%)
6) None (8%)
7) Food smearing, licking etc (4%)
8) Watching dirty videos together in bed (3.5%)
9) Role playing (teacher and pupil games etc) (2%)
10) Foot massage (1%)

Women's Top Ten Forms of Foreplay

1) Foot massage, toe sucking, sole licking etc (22%)
2) Gentle kissing, licking of body, nipple nuzzling (18%)
3) Oral sex on woman (15%)
4) Candlelit dinner for two (10%)
5) The element of surprise! (Something unexpected!) (7%)
6) Role play (uniformed man and lady) (5%)
7) Food smearing, licking etc (4%)
8) Watching romantic videos together in bed (3%)
9) Sharing a shower, bath (2.5%)
10) Anything! (1%)

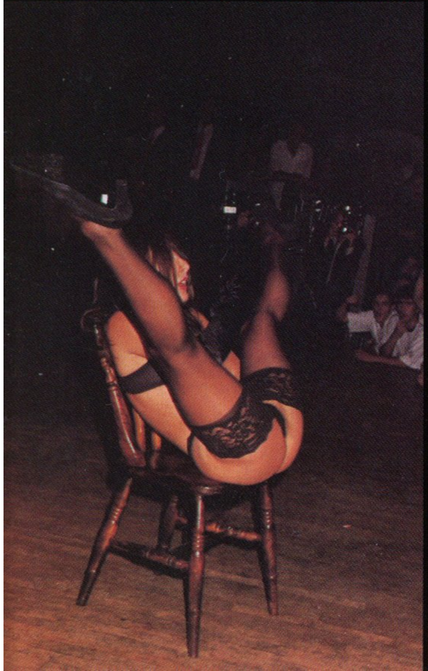
Five Things Women Hate Most About Men

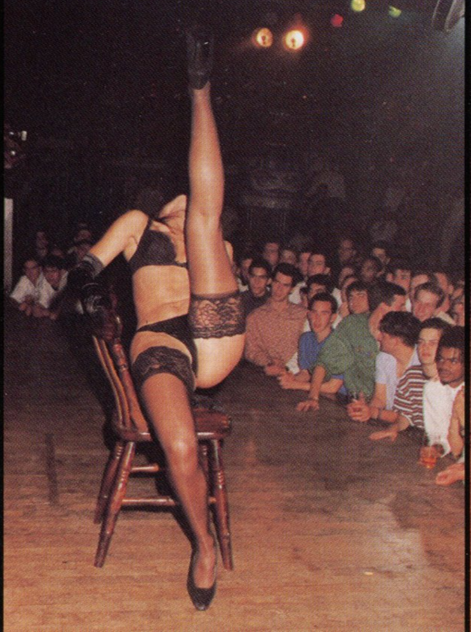
1) Sexist comments
2) Getting drunk
3) Poor personal hygiene
4) Laziness
5) Going to sleep when she's expecting sex!

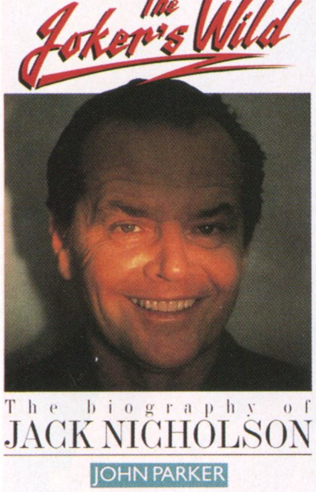
So beware all you toe-sucking firemen with tight jeans on, you could be in for a busy month!

BLUE DREAMS!

On-stage, classy five-girl dance troupe The Dreamgirls are tamer than most: they'll shimmy, shake and spread their thighs — but all with their knickers firmly on! Off-stage, though, these nimble nubiles seem somewhat less inhibited. Maxine, Danielle, Lena, Michelle and men's magazine favourite Gaynor will be coming soon at a night-club near you — but remember, there's more ass with a back-stage pass. On the other hand if it's beautiful *nude* girls you're after you'd be a lot better off at the Raymond Revuebar in the heart of London's Soho.

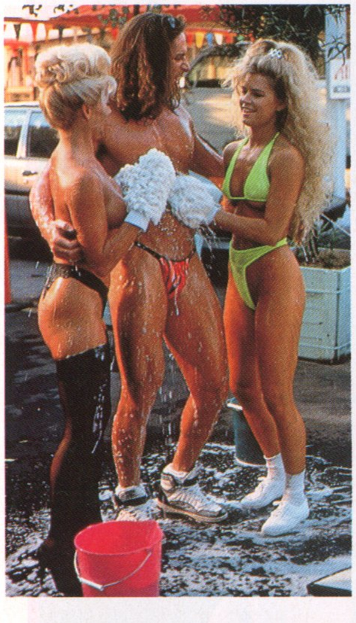


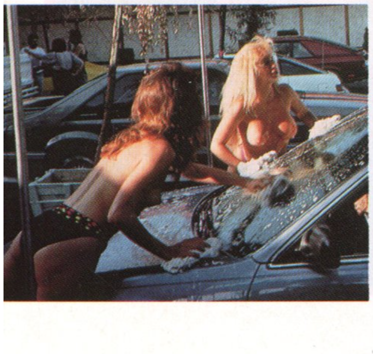




Reading *The Joker's Wild, The Biography of Jack Nicholson* to find out how to raise hell, raise one eyebrow and raise children all at the age of 52!

Having foam sex with the girls from *The Bikini Carwash Company*, the new naughty video from Medusa Pictures. These girls have bigger bumpers than an old MGB and their buffing service has to be seen to be believed!





THE WAR OF WIND

A new three-part mini-series by Herman Noukie uninterrupted by adverts and not continuing after The News at Ten...

Episode One: The Clap Of Conflict

Maria Entrance flicked a stray lock of hair from her eyes and leaned towards the microphone. "So it's goodnight from all of us here at the independent sound of Pennsylvania North. We'll be back tomorrow to prove once more that — 'If thrills were quills Radio P-NIS would be a porcupine'." The station's big band theme music, *Moonlight Flit* by Glenn Polltax and His Rhythmic Rent Dodgers, rolled from the tape deck as Maria leaned back and muttered, "We've got more pricks round here than a hedgehog."

She picked a pack of British cigarettes from her handbag, flipped one out and lit it. As she sucked on the Guard, memories of her first day in Pennsylvania North Independent Sound's European studio raced through her mind. She'd spent nine hours that day with a mike in front of her lips. Being an overseas correspondent was a bitch. So too was having a boyfriend obsessed with oral sex. Michael had gone back to the States that day in fear of the stormclouds of war which were rumbling like a dysentry epidemic all over Europe.

Maria walked from the studio into the warm night air of Rome's exclusive Tutti Frutti district. Outside she watched a youth punch a policeman who had been patrolling the public urinals whilst nearby a drunk bellowed out a version of *White Christmas*. She strolled along thinking about the incident — In Tutti Frutti, on Routi Ure a wop bopped a loo cop, while a wop Bing boomed. The streets of Rome had a musical quality.

Slug Entrance, American Naval Attache in Berlin, rapped on the door of the British Ambassador's office until a gruff voice bade him "enter". Slug turned sideways to fit his shoulders through the doorway. He was a vast, rough-hewn Texan who looked like he'd been built out of knocked-off breeze-blocks by a moonlighting Mick hod-carrier with a faulty spirit level.

Sir Poltroon Bugg-Hare was seated behind his desk. "Now then, Animal Entrance," he growled, squeezing a spot on his lip. "I gather you were sent to me by that Austrian chap..."

"Herr Pease?" Slug said helpfully.

"No," Sir Poltroon replied picking at the zit, "just acne. Now, I gather you're the Naval Attache — sort of an umbelical chord as it were — and you want some info about the Nazi top brass. Well now, you'll know plenty about Hitler. So let's deal with his oppoes. When I met him he was accompanied by a fearful bounder. Piggy eyes, slavering mouth..."

"Goerring, sir?" Slug prompted.

"Dashed right," Sir Poltroon said gravely, "and barking too. Hugest damn Rottweiler I've ever seen. Also of course there was a buck-toothed cove with the posters and the propaganda films..."

"Goebels?"

"Of course not," Bugg-Hare snapped. "What good would a lot of pictures of hopping hamsters be to the Bosh war effort? Use your common sense, man!"

The tough American got up to leave. "I say," Sir Poltroon said as the Texan reached the door. "You don't happen to know anything about Casawanca? My son, Rufus is in Special Air, Underwater, Sea Assault Group 'E' and he's been posted there."

"The British have sent S.A.U.S.A.G. 'E' to the Middle East?" Slug asked anxiously.

"No," Sir Poltroon chortled. "He *was* posted there. Some of his mess mates just bundled him in brown paper and bunged him in a pillar box. Trouble is the young shaver can't find his way back."

"Don't worry, sir," Slug said, giving the ageing Brit bulldog a consoling pat on the arm. "My son Prodder is in 'Technical Weapons and Tactics' and he's out in Casawanca. I'll see what he can do."

"Thanks," groaned Sir Poltroon, picking himself up off the floor and feeling his collar bone to see if it was broken.

As Slug began to descend the stairs he noticed a beautiful girl coming up. She had a peaches and cream complexion, strawberry blonde hair, raspberry red lips and almond eyes. This broad's face is like a greengrocer's, he thought. Glancing down he was pleased to see the window contained a couple of plump pomegranates.

"Could I interest you in a cocktail Miss..?"

The woman smiled. "Bugg-Hare, Daph Bugg-Hare," she replied. "And the answer is yes, but only if I can have a 'Between the Sheets'."

"You like that tangy mix of rum, lemon and cointreau?" Slug husked.

Daph Bugg-Hare stepped up closer to him. "No," she purred. "I just like shagging aged Americans." She waved a delicate hand inches from his lips. "Bye for now." As she shimmered past him, his eyes followed in her wake like gulls after a steamer. And she was a steamer alright, Slug mused.

On the Czech border the Nazi panzers were massing.

Illustration by Duncan Gutteridge

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SEX

COMIC STRIPPERS

There's nothing like a well-endowed woman for bringing out the big titters. **Bill Shipton** *proves that gorgeous girls can get laughs, and some of their saucier shows have had Mayfair readers splitting their strides*

PAULA-ANN BLAND

They call them 'straight men' but as often as not they're actually sexy women. Since the silent era, girls have made great comedy stooges — glamour and guffaws can be a highly potent combination.

One of the first to exploit the girls and giggles formula was Benny Hill. As early as the sixties, his cheeky humour, coupled with having saucy girls on his shows who also took part in the sketches, proved an instant hit. At the beginning, a mere glimpse of cleavage brought a string of innuendos; then as Benny realised the success of the formula, he was forever pursued by a dozen scantily-clad stunners. It may lack subtlety but it made Benny a millionaire...

Going Up Hill

Among the best of his stooges was *Mayfair* model **Anne Bruzac** who revealed more than her sense of humour when she stripped off in Vol 11 No 1. She'd started out as a dancer but found herself doing more prat falls than pas de deux. Eight years later and Benny was still going strong, and his material even stronger. From the moment he offered a "well warm come" to the show, boobs and bum jokes were the bulk of the material, and on the end of more than her fair share was another *Mayfair* girl, **Lindsay Neil**. Blonde Lindsay had been a dancer on Top of the Pops and joined Benny's Hill's Angels in the mid-eighties. Within a couple of weeks she was sitting on recently painted benches, being patted by dirty old men and having her mini-skirt inspected from the inside by Benny and his mob. Those who wanted to see even more had to turn to *Mayfair*'s Vol 19 No 3. I bet Benny did!

Yet another Benny Hill girl to grace our pages went on to become a name in her own right. **Corinne Russell** appeared flexing her lissome limbs in Vol 19 No 1. But by that time she had also been a star of Kenny Everett's BBC show (invariably dressed in PVC and thigh boots) and become a highly successful Page Three girl. Bit parts, if you'll pardon the expression, were to follow in TV plays.

SUSIE ANN WATKINS

CORINNE RUSSELL

ANNE BRUZAC

LINDSAY NIEL

Roco's Knockers

Kenny also made a glamour star of the well-rounded **Cleo Rocos** whose boobs once made an unexpected appearance in a nightclub. More recently the Rocos knockers caused uproar when they were used to test the bumpiness of pavements by the normally uninspiring Esther Rantzen on That's Life.

But the act on Kenny's show that had Mary Whitehouse hot under the collar and male viewers boiling under the belt was an extremely naughty band of dancers called Hot Gossip. Clad in fetishistic gear, they never appeared in the sketches, but proved they were game for a laugh on another cult show of the early eighties. They were some of the main saucy ladies to appear on Tiswas. A Saturday show for kids, ATV's Tiswas hosted by Chris Tarrant and Sally James had some decidedly daring moments. Sally's cleavage, her habit of wearing fishnets and thigh boots, and endless girls in wet T-shirts with nipples poking through, were as much a part of the show as the cartoons and competitions. Grown-ups loved it (though the kids probably preferred Swap Shop), and Tarrant immediately went on to try and capitalise on this with a late night adult version called OTT. But despite a bikini-clad Cas Carrington being covered in custard and *Mayfair*'s **Julia Humphries** (Vol 17 No 2) getting her tits out unexpectedly on air, it was, like Julie's bra, taken off prematurely.

FUNNY GIRLS WE'D PAY £10,000 TO POSE FOR MAYFAIR

1) Felicity Kendal of *The Good Life*.
2) Sally James of *Tiswas*.
3) Eve Matheson of *May to September*.
4) Pamela Stephenson of *Not the Nine O'Clock News*.
5) Josie Lawrence of *Whose Line is it Anyway*.
6) Linda Robson of *Birds of a Feather*.
7) Jan Francis of *Just Good Friends*.
8) Loretta Swit of *M.A.S.H*.
9) Vicki Michelle of *'Allo, 'Allo*.
10) Lisa Maxwell of *The Russ Abbott Show*.

Tat For Tits

On stage, boobs made the show rather than destroyed it. With female nudity almost as essential as the loss of the hero's trousers in many British farces, ex-models like Fiona Richmond were packing them in at British theatres. For those who prefer nelly laughs to belly laughs, the same applies today. **Paula-Ann Bland** who left the BBC's school Grange Hill and appeared in our Vol 23 No 3 has gone on the pier in Hastings. Whilst Page Three girl and *Mayfair* model from Vol 19 No 2 **Linda Lusardi** has appeared in farces and pantos as well as being magician Wayne Dobson's assistant in LWT's A Kind Of Magic. She is currently hosting her own TV chat show It's Bizarre at the even more bizarre time of about 3am.

A Lousy Alternative

By the mid-eighties, the right-on were beginning to get turned right-off by what they termed 'sexist' comedy. Men ogling boobs and bums were no longer acceptable, and television humour became prissier. Not that that stopped TV comedy actresses showing all in *Mayfair*. **Susie Ann Watkins** who's appeared in the Comic Strip's More Bad News and the less successful Channel Four comedy Rude Health produced fair-sized titters in Vol 22 No 6. **Julie Evans**, a member of the Hit Squad from Noel Edmonds' Late Late Breakfast Show surprised far more members of the public by revealing all in Vol 21 No 2. Whilst **Helena Hunt**, the blonde on many of *Mayfair*'s finest covers including *Best Of Mayfair* No 1, was not only making dough by appearing in the BBC's highly successful Bread and on Kelly Montieth's BBC2 show, but raising it as one of the London hostesses on ITV's first Telethon.

And as for the future... I for one am predicting a revival of bawdy seaside humour. The re-showing of innuendo and cleavage-packed comedies like the BBC's Up Pompeii have proved popular, and a new Carry On film is planned. Carry On Columbus features a lot of the right-on 'alternative' comics and the same saucy humour that made the original films hits in the sixties and seventies. Yes, missus, this could be the start of something big!

NAUGHTY NUBILE COMEDY SHOWS

1) *James Whale Radio Show* (Yorkshire TV) — anything can happen on this show where blubbery Whale is a fish out of water. Currently on ITV.
2) *Kenny Everett Video Show* (Thames TV)— thanks to Hot Gossip ruder than its BBC follow-up. On video.
3) *OTT* (Central TV) — the grown-up *Tiswas* with lots of tits and custard — must be out on video soon!
4) *Tiswas* (ATV) — wet tee-shirts, Sally's cleavage, fishnets and thigh boots. On video.
5) *The Q Series* (BBC) — Spike Milligan's comedy series had plenty of excuses for topless women. Why it isn't on video, I don't know.
6) *The Benny Hill Show* (Thames) — the Aussie series includes topless girls, the British one very nearly so! On video.
7) *Up Pompeii* (BBC) — numerous tit and bum jokes from Francis Howerd and lots of cleavages. On video.
8) *Whoops Baghdad!* (BBC) — less well known follow-up to *Up Pompeii*, ruder but the jokes were crap! Not on video.
9) *The Two Ronnies* (BBC) — lots of innuendo and the unique sight of Diana Dors (and several less amply proportioned girls) dressed in PVC in *The Worm That Turned*. Repeated endlessly and probably on video as well.
10) *Are You Being Served?* (BBC currently being shown on Sky) — 1980's glamour model Candy Davis as Young Mr Grace's secretary wins Best Supported Cleavage. Otherwise crap.

JULIE EVANS

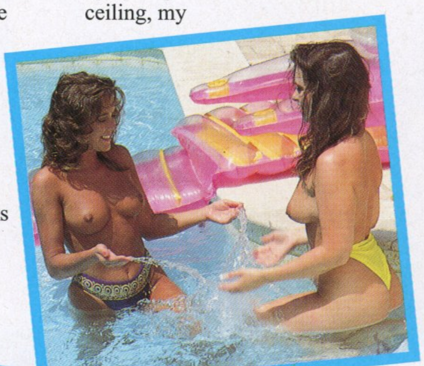
LINDA LUSARDI

JULIA HUMPHRIES

LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

long before my trunks were bulging with a hard-on desperate to be satisfied. But what to do next? I couldn't exactly barge in there while Nina, who was now reaching down between her legs to frig her clit, and Jane were still at it. We had more than a week of the holiday still to go and I didn't want to create an embarrassing atmosphere for all of us. So I decided to sit back and enjoy the show, relieve the aching in my trunks and pretend nothing had ever happened. As it turned out, however, my decision (not to mention my dick) was taken right out of my hands.



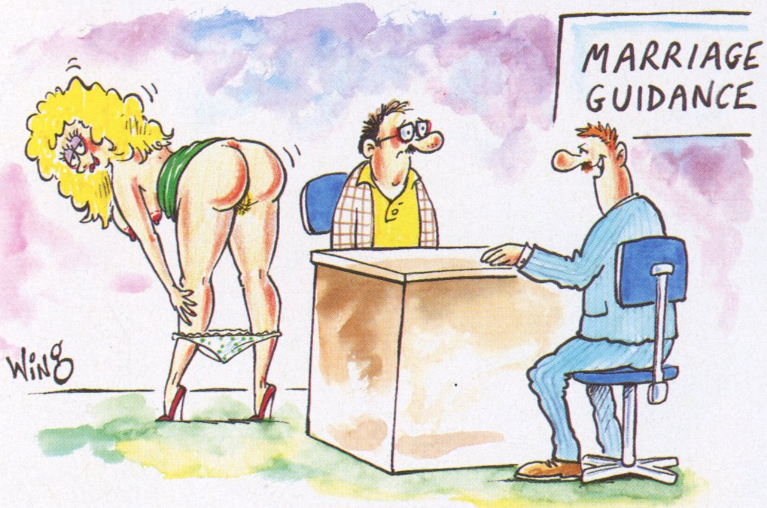
Managing to open the hatch doors a little further, I positioned myself so that I could see the two girls in action, and get my hand working on my shaft at the same time. I watched amazedly as Nina began to climax from her friend's attentions. She screamed out loud and shook violently as Jane withdrew the plastic penis with a slurping sound, then lowered her head so her mouth was level with Nina's pussy and plunged her thrusting tongue deep inside. Her mouth ate Nina's minge like it was a sticky blonde peach, licking at the juices which were oozing from inside her pal. Then when Nina turned around and kissed her own come from Jane's lips, their tongues mingling in an erotic french kiss, the whole scene became too much for me and, with one final stroke, I shot my load.

However I didn't quite manage to get my hand up to the end of my prick quickly enough and the force of my orgasm sent a thin stream of opaque spunk in the direction of the ceiling, my chest — and Jane's back!

"What the..?!" squealed Jane as the sudden realisation that she had been soaked by something sticky came over her. "I think we've got company, Nina. Who's up there?"

For a moment I didn't know what to do. Should I throw myself over the side and swim away, or just own up? But even as I paused to make up my mind Jane sprang up from the bed and flung open the hatch doors, knocking me backwards onto the deck, cock still very firmly in hand!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98



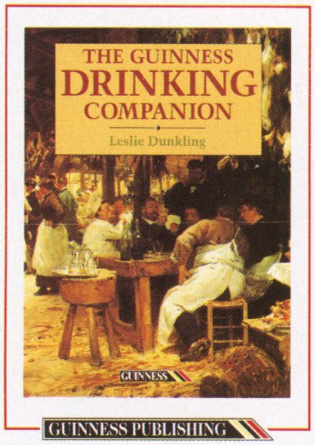
Now what's this absurd notion that your wife flirts with other men behind your back?

STUFF

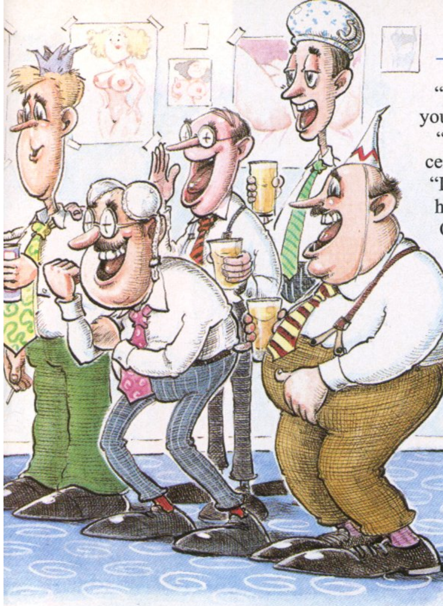
You'll never get through August without...

Spending £59.99 on an *SF-4300 Digital Diary*, the 1992 version of Your Little Black Book, so you can store nearly 1400 girls' names and numbers. Then use the calculator to add up the cost of a night out with your chosen chick. The Memo Pad comes in handy when keeping notes on what gets her going between the sheets, and the alarm clock will wake you up just in time to hide in the wardrobe before her husband comes home. There's even a Secret area where confidential data can be kept from prying eyes by using a password. All you need then is another *SF-4300* to store the password so you don't forget it.

Taking the *Guiness Drinking Companion* for an evening at your local. The 232 page book can't play pool and won't even look after your pint while you go to the bog, but at least you don't have to buy it a drink for sitting on your lap.



Visiting *The Kite Shop* in Covent Garden, London for a flying start in the art of *Flexi-foiling*. In the right hands these duvet-shaped kites can be coaxed into doing the most outrageous stunts at speeds of up to 120mph! A *Force 10* will set you back a sky-high £420 but smaller ones come at a fraction of the cost. One of the greenest, cleanest hobbies you can have, kite-flying can also be dirty as this Stockings and Suspenders version shows. Even Durex are rumoured to be bringing out their own range of foils, coming in packs of three and only going up once before you throw them away.



Wendy, this is the leader of the pirate video gang, Captain Cock."

Wendy stared at the man who had a hook where his willy should have been.

"He's never forgiven me for chopping his knob off when he refused to let me have a copy of Electric Blue 97," said Peter. "He's sworn to vengeance."

"Surely he could have got a better replacement than that... thing!" screamed Wendy.

"He had a realistic vibrating dildo for a time," Peter replied. "But the crocodile got that. Now you can hear it buzzing from miles away."

"But I always thought the crocodile swallowed a clock..." said Wendy.

"A simple typing error. Anyone could have made it."

"Stop explaining the story and come back to my pirate video ship, Porn. From now on Wendy's my new star, and you Porn are to walk the plank!"

Will Wendy Get Covered In Smeg?

Wendy opened her eyes to find herself tied to a bed surrounded by spotlights. She was now wearing a PVC basque. A bald man was wielding a video camera.

"Welcome to my pirate video studio, Wendy," Captain Cock sneered. "The throbbing hub of the Nether Region! This is my First Mate, Mr Smeg."

"I'm his only mate," Smeg muttered.

"Give her more lip-gloss, Mr Smeg!"

"Aye aye, sir" replied the bald man putting down the camera to add another coat of shiny scarlet to Wendy's mouth.

"What are you going to do to me, you, you...?" Wendy demanded.

"Make you the star of every adolescent fantasy in the area," Cock replied. "Do you honestly think that Porn and his friends could think up their own? Of course not. Naughty videos, violent macho videos, sports videos, we make the lot, and what we can't make — we copy! We've been after a real woman for ages. Get the custard and alsation ready, Smeg!"

"No!" screamed Wendy. "Peter!!"

"It's no good, your friend is tied up and about too be fed to the crocodile. Now, just a tad more cleavage if you don't mind. Action!"

Wendy squirmed.

"Ooh, lovely wriggle, that's brill, luvvy," Cock sneered. "Oooh, that mean look. Cue the custard!"

But just before a barrel of Bird's best could be poured over Wendy, there was a crash and Peter Porn burst through the wall.

"Not so fast, Cock!" he bellowed.

"Oh bugger this adolescent fantasy world," Captain Cock muttered. "We baddies never get to have any fun!"

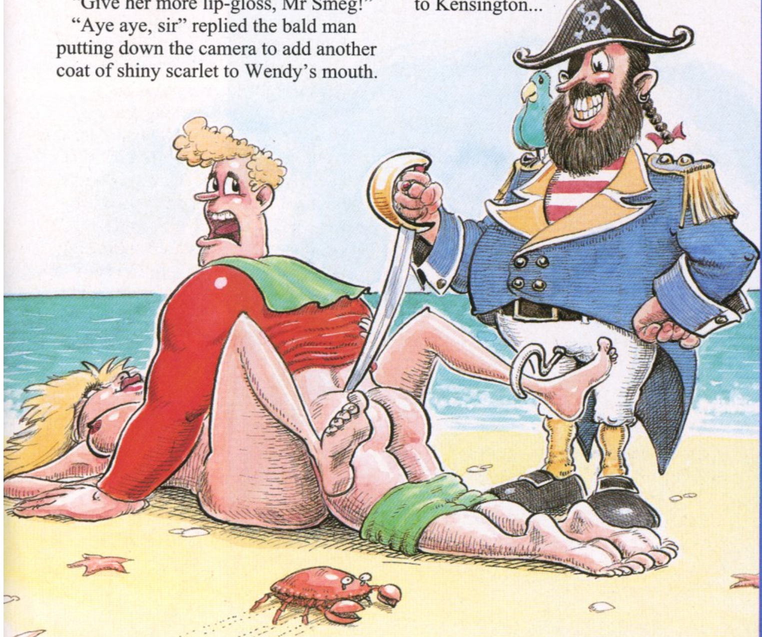
Peter pulled out his small sword which was a good deal less impressive that his pork version, and prodded Cock towards the stern of the ship. He was just about to make him walk the plank when they heard a loud buzzing.

"No, not the crocodile!" cried Cock.

"Ha-ha, yes!" cried Peter. "Smeg, start filming, Tootles' mate Zitty has been after a snuff movie for ages!"

Back In Kensington...

When Wendy awoke, she couldn't quite decide what had happened and what hadn't. True, her pussy was as warm and wet as a rain forest but was Peter Porn for real? Was there really a land of booze, fags and shagging? One thing was for sure, Wendy had grown up enough to know that she didn't want to live in a land where nobody ever grew up — she fancied too many older men! From now on though, she thought as she strode out of the front door wearing her cycling shorts, she would bring the naughtiness of the Nether Region back to Kensington...



BRIERLEY HILLS 0384

More well-spent wads with our yummy Brummy billionairesses and their boneheaded boyfriends...

"Oy, Kelly?" cried Brandon lounging by the stone-clad pool of his Black Country mansion. "Pass us the curry sauce to put on this smoked salmon, will yow?"

"Oooh Bran, you're such a cowing pleb!" replied the blonde bimbo from Balsall Heath. "Curry sauce is for meat. You have sweet-and-sour on fresh wild salmon. Me Mam told me."

"Hey, this fooking fish isn't cooked proper!" he protested as he sunk his fork into the succulent flesh. "And there's no frigging batter neither!"

"Really, Bran, yow don't deserve to be a billionaire, yow've got no class!" Kelly said taking off her Jason Donovan teeshirt now that the sun had peeped out from behind the engineering plant chimney. "If yow didn't have £10 billion in the Birmingham Midshires, yow'd be a right slob."

"Maybe, Kell, but I got it through being in the right place at the right time!" said Brandon proudly, pulling his tank top over his belly

"That's right, luv!" Kelly smiled sitting up, her large firm breasts wobbling in the sun. "If you hadn't stood there letting that lathe take the tip of your little finger off you'd never have got all that industrial injury compensation."

"I'm in constant agony, mind, Kell. Have a slug of vintage Napoleon brandy in your Babycham!"

"I know what I want a slug of," she replied climbing on top of his Argos sun lounger, her sharp nipples dancing tantalisingly.

Slowly she undid the button flies of his 501s as his lips clamped onto one of the pink protuberances. Meanwhile Kelly's expensively manicured nails slipped inside Brandon's trousers and pulled out his rapidly growing cock.

As she bent down to kiss it, Brandon picked up his bitter and started supping appreciatively. But Kelly was sucking harder. Soon, Brandon's prick gave a jerk and he came in her mouth till it dribbled down her chin.

"Yow stupid cow! Now look what yow've done." Brandon bellowed as Kelly licked her recently moistened lips. "Yow've made me spill me fooking pint! These jeans cost thirty quid, write me a cheque NOW!"

"Oooooh Bran," cooed Kelly. "Money has made you so masterful!"

Next time: Brandon gets laid under a table at the Midland Hotel and Kelly picks up the bill.

Mayfair Classics No. 6

Peter Porn

Wendy Boring found life in Kensington as limp as Nanna's nipples till she met Peter Porn. Together they floated off to the Nether Region, a land of sex and booze where no one ever has to grow up...

Everyone has to grow old, everyone that is with one exception. Eighteen-year-old Wendy knew that one day she would when she was about to go out wearing just her bra and a pair of shiny lycra cycling shorts.

"My God!" exploded her dull old dad. "You can't go out looking like that!"

"Don't worry," replied Mrs. Boring. "It's just a phase, she'll grow out of it."

But Wendy didn't want to grow out of it. She didn't want to settle down to a life of tedious dinner-parties discussing foreign holidays. She'd discovered sex and booze and all-night raves, and wanted to do that for ever and ever.

"You'll be all right with Nanna, won't you?" her mother asked patronisingly.

"I'd be better off without her!" Wendy replied. Nanna was her 93-year-old grandmother whose face was covered in curly hairs that made it look like a scrotum. She reeked of mint imperials and piss. A right old dog, in fact!

As soon as her folks had left their semi at 14 Kensington Gardens, Tipton, Wendy left Nanna to wet the bed whilst she sat in her room reading a copy of *Mayfair*. Alone at last, she admired the models, practised some of their poses, then read the naughty confessions.

"If only I could lead a life of constant sexual fulfilment," she sighed, then fell asleep, a fairy-ring of pre-come around her trim little pussy.

Wendy's Introduced To Porn

Wendy didn't know what time it was when she heard the tap at her window. She knew it was late 'cos Nanna had stopped hyperventilating over *Prisoner Cell Block H* some time ago. She opened it and was almost knocked flat by a spectacularly well-endowed guy about her age wearing a pair of undies made from cuttings from naughty magazines.

"Who are you?" she cried.

"I'm Peter Porn, the guy who never grew up! Good news, eh? Mmm, nice knockers you've got there! Aaark-aark!"

"I'm sorry, I don't understand!"

"No, big-tits, you wouldn't. I speak the language of the Nether Region, the land where men behave like adolescents forever!" he explained. "Here porn is king! Aaaark-aark! Go on, get 'em out!"

"The Nether Region you say? And what happens there?" Wendy enquired.

"It's one long-life of piss-ups, naughty games and shagging. What shagging! The Nether Region is where all your fantasies come true."

Wendy blushed and felt a moistness between her firm thighs.

"And who exactly lives there?"

"Me, the Lust Boys and the pirates."

"The Lust Boys?"

"Yes, they're the lads who fell out of the pub and went missing for seven days on the piss. Rugby fans, journalists, over-stressed executives... that sort. They never quite make it back to the real world and stay with us being childish for ever. So babe, are you coming — or just having an asthma attack? Aaark-aaaak!"

Wendy was saved by the bell. Suddenly she was aware of a tinkling sound and a bright light flew around the room. When it slowed down Wendy could make out that it was a flood-lit lady in miniature. It landed on the dressing-table and started adopting a series of poses, smiling vacuously...

"Who's that?" demanded Wendy.

"That's my girl-friend, Page Three girl and aspiring actress, Fuckable."

"Oh," said Wendy, a little dejected, hoping that the groin-heavy terminally teenage Peter might be hers alone.

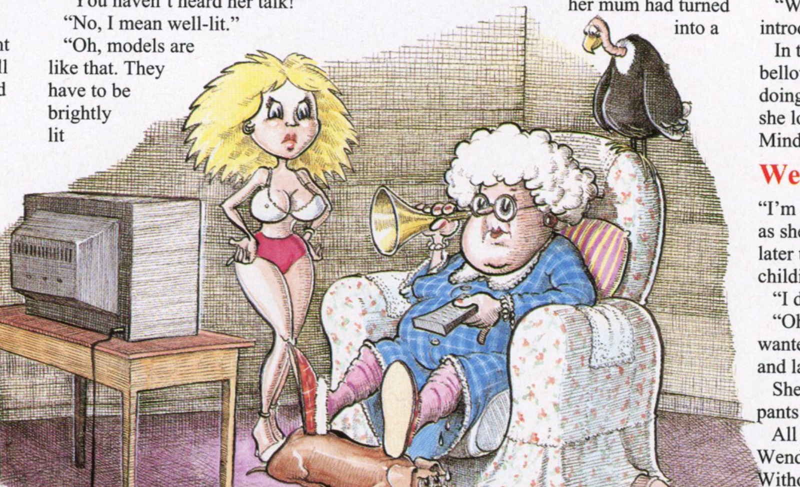
"Oh, don't worry sweet-lips," Peter assured her. "Fuckable doesn't actually sleep with anyone. Page Three girls aren't like *Mayfair* models. They don't have minds of their own, they live on the fantasies of Sun-readers. If nobody fancied them, they wouldn't exist!"

"She's very bright!"

"You haven't heard her talk!"

"No, I mean well-lit."

"Oh, models are like that. They have to be brightly lit otherwise they lose their beauty," explained Peter. "In the Nether Region every man has a favourite fantasy like Fuckable that they never actually shag but they can dream about. Trouble is, most of them have done nothing but dream. We need a real girl to be our lover. Do say you'll join us! Just say the word and being sensible will be a thing of the past!"



"But how do we get there Peter?"

"Look in the sky. See those two lights with the long thin one in between?"

"Yes."

"That's the Porn Star. Head for that and keep going 'till morning!"

"We're going to fly???"

"No darling, more like float! Lie down and get 'em off!"

"Ooooh Peter!"

Playing In The Nether Region

When Wendy opened her eyes she slowly became aware of a transformation. For the last few moments she had felt like she was flying, her head reeling with images, until she woke up. Now she was in a strange bed next to Peter who was snoring away with a smile on his face. As she looked around, she realised that she was in a small house carpeted with take-away wrappers and decorated with empty beer cans. Her bed was covered with a duvet made from copies of *The Sun* and men's magazines. So this was the land where men never grew up.

Peter awoke soon after, scratched his bollocks and sat up.

"Hey, how do you like the pad?" he asked. "I had it built just for you."

"Er, very nice Peter," she lied.

"I'd make some tea but the milk's off. Fancy a lager?"

"No thanks," she replied quietly.

As she stood up she became aware that her clothing had changed too. The Marks and Spencers pyjamas bought by her mum had turned into a see-through baby-doll. Her boobs were fuller than ever, standing proud and her nipples were as big as red marker-pen caps. She flicked the curtains open sending a flurry of woodland creatures fleeing from their vantage point.

Suddenly she heard a burst of raucous drunken singing: 'And the hairs on her dicky-di-do hung down to her knees...!'

"Oh God, it's the Lust Boys!" sighed Peter. "They must have been up all night on the piss again."

The door burst open and ten men in dishevelled suits, their ties askew all holding cans of Tennants Super fell in.

"We know what you're doing," they chanted. "Phwoarrr! Can I get you anything? Like into bed, darling?"

"I don't understand," said Wendy.

"No, you wouldn't," replied Peter. "They're talking in innuendo, that's their native tongue."

"Tongue! I'll give her tongue. Hey?" shouted one Lust Boy.

"Eh, Pete, got yourself another make-believe bird," sneered Tootles, the leader of the Lust Boys. "Don't tell old Fuckable though, eh? Mum's the word. Not that she is yet, a mum I mean. Ha-ha."

"She's not make-believe, she's real," said Peter. "I brought her back from the real world."

"Don't pull my plonker, Porn!" roared Tootles, reaching out and grabbing her boobs. Even Wendy was used to more foreplay than that, and she slapped Tootles' face. Tootles knew then that she must be real. The women in fantasy world don't slap you, they like being fondled. His mates gasped.

"A r-r-real woman," stammered one of Tootles' mates. "But Porn, we never get off with real women. It's all a boast!"

"Well now's your chance. Let me introduce you to... oh, they've gone!"

In the distance they could hear Tootles bellowing: "Real girl. We'd have being doing it all night. Did you see the way she looked at me? Fancied me she did. Mind you, probably a lezzie. Waaayyy!"

Wendy's Pinned By Cock

"I'm not sure I understand," Wendy said as she and Peter walked by the beach later that day. "You really want to be as childish as the Lust Boys all your life?"

"I did until I met you," Peter replied.

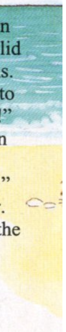
"Oh Peter," Wendy gasped. "I too wanted to do nothing except get pissed and laid. Now I just want you."

She slid her hands down into his tiny pants and pulled out his pork-sword...

All this was great for Peter and Wendy but not for poor little Fuckable. Without Peter's fantasies she grew ill and was fading fast. The Page Three girl needed to be the centre of attention... The spotlights were getting dimmer.

Now readers, you don't want Fuckable and all the other Page Three girls that fill our fantasies to fade away, do you? Well, here's how you can help. If you believe in Page Three girls and everything they say, start wanking now!

You do believe, don't you? That's it! Fuckable's looking brighter already!



With Fuckable bright and well again thanks to your hand-shandies, Peter slid slowly between Wendy's warm thighs.

"Oh, that's it!" cried Wendy. "Just to the right and keep going till morning!"

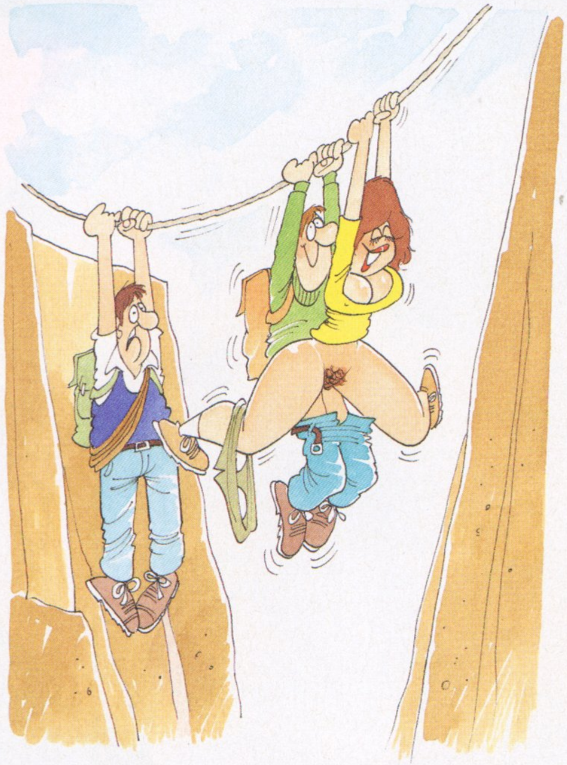
Peter began his slow thrust, but then he felt a stabbing pain in his spine.

"A-ha. Peter Porn, I've caught you!"

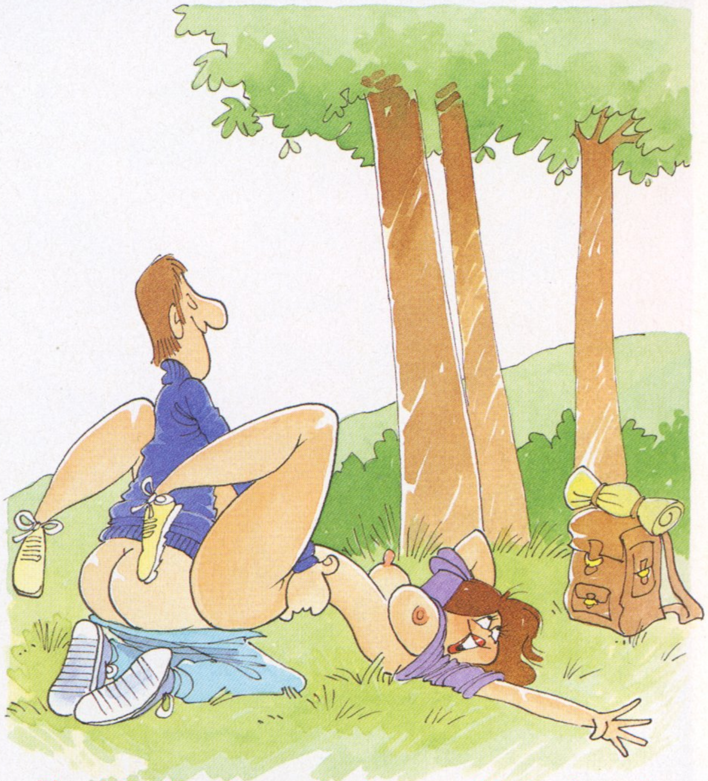
"Oh no, Captain Cock!" cried Peter.

"That be right, Porn-me-lad!" said the pirate. "Now, who be this wench?"

"This is Wendy, she's my lover.



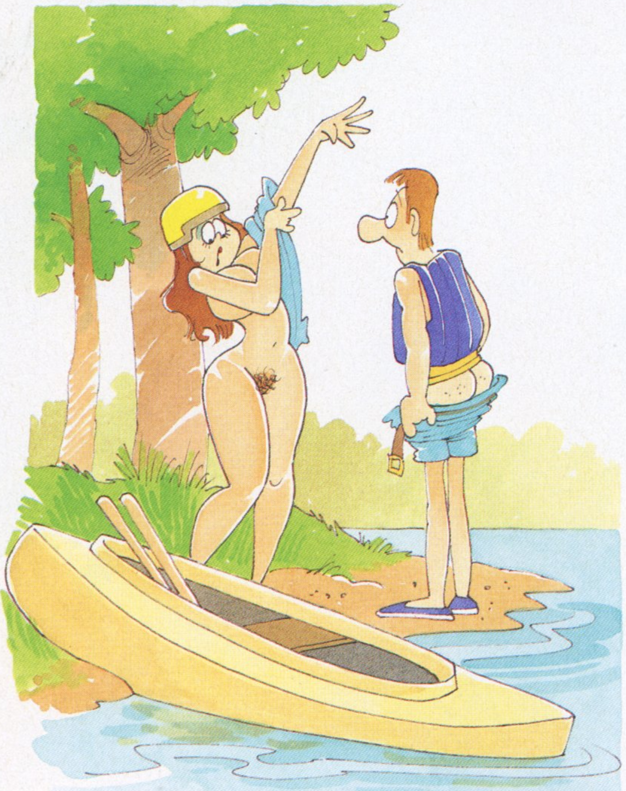
Can't you two wait until we get to the other side? This rope doesn't feel very safe to me



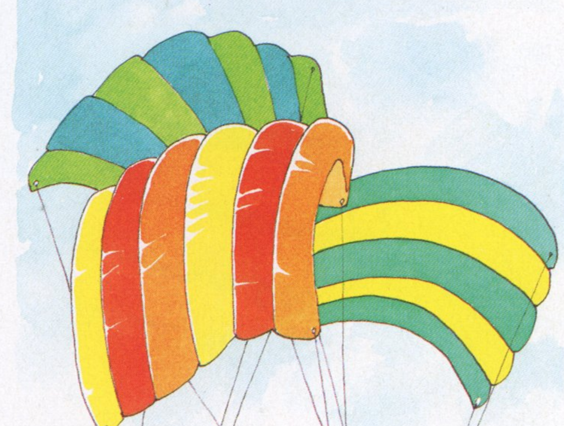
Phew! Six times in one day. I can see this is going to be quite an endurance test

THIGH ADVENTURE!

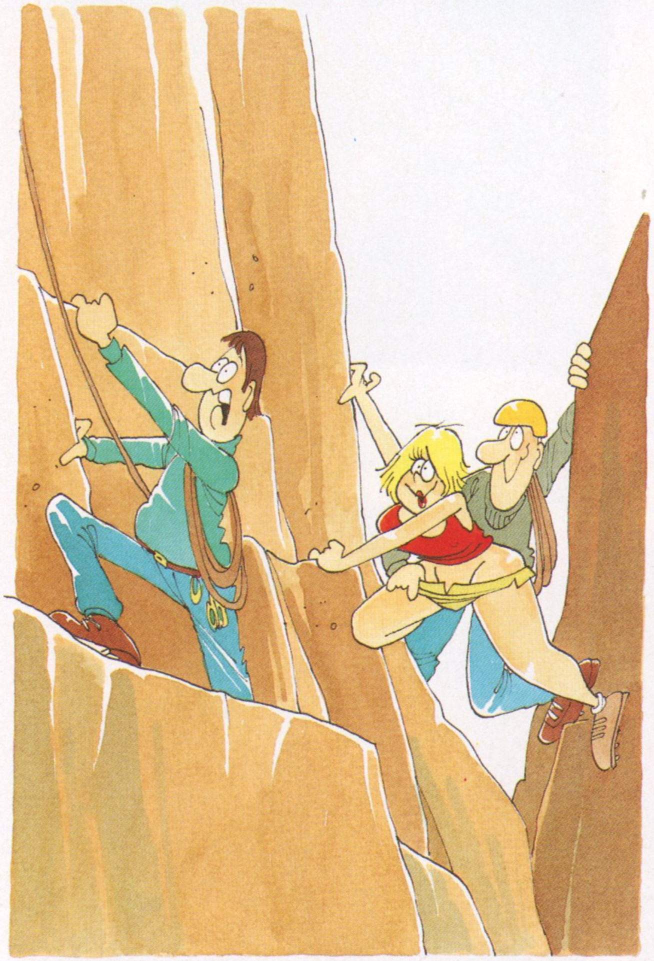
Why would anyone want to mount a climber? Simply because she's there! Cartoonist Anthony goes inward bound in search of those girls who are mad, bad and dangerous to shag!



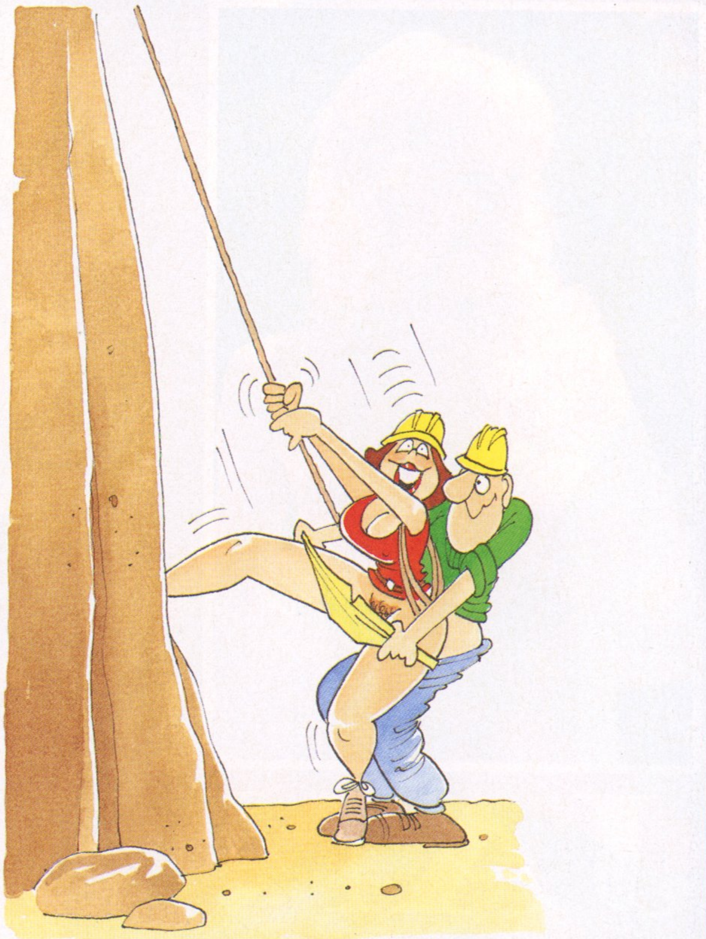
I must admit, I was expecting something bigger than that this weekend



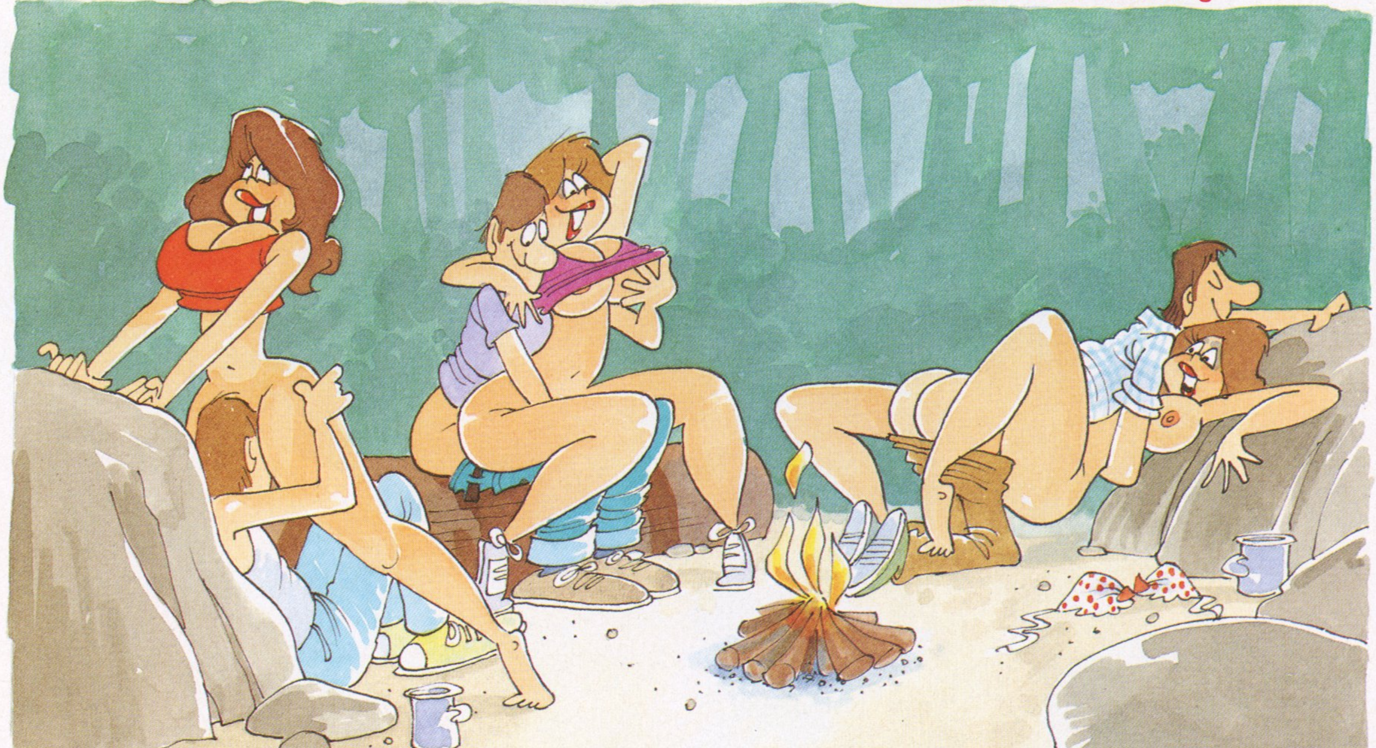
For a moment there , I didn't think she was going to open



Hang on! Andy's got himself stuck in a crevasse



Ooo! I imagined a softer landing



I was expecting a bit of a sing song around the ol' camp fire!

QUEST

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

The debate about the size of women's breasts and whether large or small is sexier has raged for decades. Here, three respondents talk about the effect that their own generous bust sizes have had on their sex lives.

PERSONAL FILE
Name... Miss H
Age... 26
Sex... Female
Town of origin...
Wolverhampton
Other details...
This attractive blonde has always been more than generously proportioned, which has always been an added sexual attraction for the many men in her life.

Quest: Would you like to tell us how many lovers you have at present?
Miss H: At the moment, it's five. I'd say three was my average, so five is pushing it a bit, I suppose — though at one time I actually had seven lovers on the go at once! Don't ask me how I found time to satisfy them all because I honestly couldn't tell you! I was just rather tired all the time.
Quest: Have you always been as sexually active as that?
Miss H: Well, I lost my virginity when I was quite young, and I suppose that since then I've been rather busy in the sexual adventure stakes! Even that first time, I really enjoyed sex; I loved the feel of a hot, thick, sticky cock ramming in and out of me, especially from behind, and the sensation of my boobs swinging about and brushing against the sheets or grazing against the chest of my lover. And as the years have progressed I've found that the more sex I had, the more I needed to keep myself satisfied. Sometimes the ache in my pussy gets almost unbearable, and I'm constantly wet and juicy between my legs and eager for sex. It's then that I really need a man — and sometimes I just have to go out and find one within hours! I've tried masturbating to get rid of the feeling, but it just isn't the same.
Quest: And what are your vital statistics?
Miss H: I measure 40D-25-38 — if that sounds rather generous, it certainly is when you consider that I'm only five feet five! My boobs are firm and ripe, and are topped by large pink nipples in which the areolae are about two inches across! Naturally my boobs have always been a great source of attraction for all the guys I've met, as they're such a handful. I discovered early on that guys love to weigh them up in their palms, placing their fingers right around them so that the skin on the inside of their hands brushes against my nipples, making them really firm. When I'm aroused my nipples stick out long and hard, and blokes love to take them into their mouths and suck them.

I realised early on in my sexual life that my breasts were a great boost to my looks and my sex life. Now I use them to attract the men I want, and I've become very good at it!

Usually if I'm interested in a guy, I'll bide my time before approaching him, and then I use all my assets to get him into bed. Would you like me describe one particular occasion?
Quest: Please, with as much detail as possible.
Miss H: I know that *Mayfair* readers like a lot of detail, so here goes...

I'd had the hots for ages for this one guy who I saw all the time down at my local pub. He was really tall, with a lovely suntan and the tightest pair of jeans that I could just tell were well packed with cock — and I wanted it for myself!

He knew I fancied him, of course, because I made no secret of the fact. The night that I decided I'd make my move I dressed in a way that I knew would attract him — unless he was absolutely blind! I wore a really tight white jersey dress which clung to every curve of my body, and had a plunging rounded neckline which only just covered my nipples. The skirt came down to mid-thigh length, and underneath it I wore no knickers as I didn't want to leave a line around my bum, but wore a suspender belt and stockings — I don't mind having a guy seeing *those* kind of lines through my clothes!

With a pair of red shoes which made my legs look longer, and of course a good lacy, half-cup bra to support my boobs, I thought that there was no way that Pete could resist me. And I was right!

In the pub I made sure I sat in a seat where he could get a really good view of my profile, so that he could see how round and firm my boobs are, and sometimes I'd casually circle a nipple with one of my fingers before popping that finger into

my mouth and sucking it, all the time looking right into his eyes. Every time I walked past him I made sure I got a good look at his crotch, to see if the size of his bulge was increasing. After about 30 minutes it looked as if it must be painful!

My own pussy was aching and wet by this time, and so I decided to make my move. My mind was focused on the fact that I wanted to take this guy home and feel his cock slide in and out of me. To cut a long story short, I ended up going back to his place eventually, and the sex was more than well worth waiting for.

My legs were shaking so much as we went inside his house that I didn't think they'd be able to hold me up any longer. Fortunately we got to work quickly, frantically stripping off in front of the fireplace, our hands all over each other's bodies. When his fingers had pulled off my dress over my head and were roving all over my stockings and suspender belt, I couldn't stand it any longer. I had to have his fingers inside me.

"Stroke my pussy," I whispered to him. "I want to feel your fingers inside me, playing with my clitty. Can't you feel how juicy you've made me?"

"I love the way your juices are all over your bush," he whispered back, and then began to rhythmically stroke and manipulate my clitty and love slit until I was clinging to him to steady myself as the waves of orgasm washed over me. I love that feeling of tension inside my pussy which builds up higher and higher until that lovely feeling of total release hits me as I come. His fingers delved as high as they could go, and at one point I think he had them all inside me, with his thumb working my little love button until I thought I might explode with the pleasure of it.

Then he knelt down in front of me and went down on my cunt, his tongue working away where his fingers had been, my juices gushing out and coating his lips. I gripped his hair so that I could hold his head to my cunny and make him lick me harder: his tongue felt as stiff as a cock, and I was feeling totally exhausted already after three or four climaxes.

I rubbed first one and then the other nipple into the sensitive eye of his cock

I knew that his cock was as stiff as a board by now; I could see it sticking up hard and proud from his pubes, the helmet all purple and wet with pre-come — and I knew by the way he was playing with my melons exactly what he wanted.

I pulled off my bra and my boobs flopped free into his face, the nipples almost poking him in the eye as he eagerly lapped at them with his tongue. But I had other ideas, and I didn't want to be deflected from carrying them out. Sliding down so I was pushing him onto his back on the carpet, I took his cock between my fleshy mounds and squeezed it hard, rubbing up and down with my boob-flesh as I did so. The pressure on the sensitive skin and veins of his cock must have been almost unbearable as he let me do all the work, moving my boobs up and down his shaft slowly at first, but then building up the speed so that my nipples were hitting his balls with every stroke.

Then I rubbed first one and then the other nipple onto the sensitive eye of his cock, which made him arch his back and push his pelvis right up at me, panting as his balls strained with the weight of the come they were holding.

"I want you to come on my boobs," I told him. "I want to feel all that lovely come on my titty-flesh."

I took his cock between my boobs again and this time it only took me a couple of minutes of massaging it before he unleashed his creamy come over my cleavage. I climaxed as I felt the warm come splashing onto my boobs and then again as I watched Pete's face grimacing as he enjoyed every last second of his climax. And, of course, it didn't take me long to massage his cock to hardness again, and this time I straddled him and rode his cock until he came inside me, rubbing my clitty furiously as I felt each stroke delving into my pussy. What a great evening's sex!

Obviously I always use my boobs to their best advantage now — blokes just can't resist the look and feel of them, and they've become so sensitive, especially the nipples, that if I'm between boyfriends I can actually make myself come purely by playing with them. I just wouldn't be without them!
Quest: Thank you.

them," he whispered. "I'll do anything you say if you let me worship your breasts."

This was the dynamic boss who had all his employees in awe of him — on his knees to me in his office, begging to worship my melons!

I kept him in suspense for a while, looking down at him as he knelt on the floor between my legs, his cock out of his flies as he wanked it slowly in one hand, stroking his full and aching balls with the other. I stared down at him, licking my lips sensuously and pinching one of my nipples between my thumb and forefinger so that it stood all dark pink and hard from my fleshy mound. Then I did it to the other one, and by this time I could feel those boiling hot sensations burning through me, working up from my pussy and flicking right up to my nipples.

Then, as Don watched me in raptures, I kept my eyes right on him as I took one of my nipples between my teeth, sucking on it erotically, rubbing it with the tip of my tongue and then taking as much of the boob flesh into my mouth as I possibly could, coating it in my saliva, making it as wet as my pussy was by then. Holding my breast up to my mouth with one hand, so that the abundant flesh spilled through my fingers, I reached down to my pussy with the other hand, hitching up my skirt to around my waist and revealing my tiny thong panties to Don. I could see his cock straining as I pulled them to one side and dipped my fingers into my honey pot.

"See how wet you've made me, thinking all these filthy thoughts about what you could do to my little pussy?" I told him. "Or is it what I've been doing to myself? Which do you think, darling?"

Don was incapable of speech though, tugging his throbbing cock faster and harder as he didn't take his eyes off my body even for a second. His helmet looked as if it was going to burst when I lifted my fingers up from my pussy and circled each nipple in turn, coating them with my love juices. Then I licked it up, sticking out my tongue as far as possible so that Don could see every little flicker. It was incredible — he was almost ready to shoot his load at the sight of that.

I lifted my fingers up from my sticky pussy and circled each nipple in turn

"Do you think my boobs are ready for your cock yet?" I asked him. "Or are you going to give your come straight to my pussy?"

"Whatever you say," he whispered to me. "I'll do whatever you say."

"My pussy then," I told him, my voice quavering. I was so aroused that I really thought that my knees were going to give way. Using my foot I pushed Don gently back onto his back on the floor, then told him to quickly pull his trousers and pants down as I stood over him, giving him the best possible view of my swollen and wet pussy. Then I gently lowered myself onto his straining cock so that his whole length was deep inside me, spearing me.

He started pushing up towards me, and I pushed down with my pelvis, so that when our bodies met at the height of the sexual thrusting, the bumping and grinding was frantic. I was surprised that we didn't start striking sparks!

The noises we were making were so rude and loud that I thought someone would surely walk in and find us both fucking on the floor like that, and my boobs were flying left and right with the exertion, Don occasionally reaching up and fondling them as he reached his climax. When he finally shot his load inside me, he sighed and groaned loudly with the relief of it, and the sight of him letting go so completely made me climax myself.

Quest: And that was the beginning of your relationship?

Mrs T: It's continued in the same vein ever since then, yes. Don still worships my boobs the same way — more if possible — and when we got married three months later I had to stop working for him because we weren't getting anything done! And yes, although Don is a powerful and charismatic boss in the office, at home I'm the dominant partner; Don knows that if he does things my way, then he's allowed to worship my breasts, and that's just the way that he likes things.

Quest: Thank you.

QUEST

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

PERSONAL FILE
Name... Mrs T
Age... 28
Sex... Female
Town of origin...
Newcastle
Other details...
This brunette secretary has mild dominating qualities, which she and her husband enjoy exploring. Her well-built 40-24-38 figure is obviously a key part in their sex games.

Quest: You've confessed that you and your husband enjoy sex games where you play a slightly dominating role.
Mrs T: Yes, though that's not the sum total of our sex life. It's just that sometimes I get the urge to be in charge, and when that urge comes over me, Don knows that he's going to be treated to some electrifying sex.
Quest: Do you think it's anything to do with the way you look?
Mrs T: I suppose it could be — I have often been told that I have domineering features, though that's just a pure accident of nature. I'm just under six feet tall, and most of that is legs. I'm proud of my legs because they're very long and shapely. I love to show them off by wearing really short mini-skirts in denim or clinging lycra, and with lacy stockings with seams and high heeled shoes. It really turns Don on to see me getting dressed each morning, as I always do it slowly for his benefit, letting him eat up the way I roll on my stockings slowly so that the noise of the swishing nylon against my skin seems to be amplified.

I always do my legs first when I'm dressing, stopping at my knickers, and then posing in front of Don, rubbing myself with my long-nailed fingers between my thighs, making myself wet as I hold Don back on the bed with one foot, teasing him as my fingers stray into my little love hole and he can just smell the faintest touch of my tangy juices.

Obviously this sometimes means that I'm late for work as neither of us can control ourselves. I pull Don's cock into my mouth, sucking him until he's just about ready to shoot his load and then mounting him, with both of us coming almost as soon as he's inside me. Then I ride the climaxes that rush through my mound as he thrusts in and out of me. If I've got as far as putting on my thong panties before getting distracted like this, Don loves to wrench them aside so hard that they tear — or if he does it with his teeth that's even better!

With my body being so firm and well built, I've always found that I can use it to my advantage sexually — especially with a boob man like Don. When we first met I had just begun work as his long-term temporary secretary, while his regular one was off for six months having a baby. Don seemed very much the boss, very much in command of himself and the company of which he's a director, and although I fancied him right away I thought I'd have no chance to work my charms on such an outgoing and powerful figure.

But I'd underestimated the attractions of my boobs — at least at first. Gradually I began to notice that Don would call me into his office to take dictation or to sort out some really minor problem or other, much more often than was necessary. Also his eyes would linger on the curves of my boobs. It was obvious he was admiring the way they jutted out through the light blouses I'd always wear and sometimes he'd let his hot, horny glances rest on my chest so long that I'd feel my whole body flushing with arousal.

Gradually I knew that before long Don was going to want to screw me, but when it actually happened the event was a whole lot different to what I had expected. As you can probably guess, it was the old story — I know *Mayfair* readers have probably heard a lot of variations on this subject before, but it really does happen this often in real life! Don asked me to work late one evening, and so that day I wore the outfit that I knew turned him on the most: a sheer white blouse, a black lacy bra with full cups that really moulded to every firm inch of my breasts and held them in place, a short black velvet skirt and seamed stockings. I knew I was looking good, and when it came to the clinch that I was expecting, I could tell that Don really appreciated the way I'd dressed up for him.

He was all over me, stroking my boobs through my thin blouse, making me shiver as I enjoyed the sensation of the sheer material caressing my skin, telling me how much he'd worshipped my boobs for so many weeks.

"I love the way your boobs are like lovely soft peaches, just fitting into my hand," he'd whisper to me. "I love the feel of them in my mouth, when I run my tongue along the soft skin underneath — it tastes like your juices."

But that night he didn't have much time for talking, he was so eager to get to grips with my breasts. He undid my blouse slowly as I massaged the crotch of his trousers, feeling the cock that was stiffening and moving to point upwards, almost bursting his belt it was so hard and thick. His hands wandered all over my breasts before he removed my bra and feasted his mouth on first one nipple and then the other. It was then that it became clear to me just how far his obsession with my breasts really went.

"Let me love and worship

PERSONAL FILE
Name... Miss V
Age... 21
Sex... Female
Town of origin... Caerphilly
Other details...
This curvaceous vet's assistant is a part-time glamour model who met her photographer boyfriend through that particular aspect of her work.

Quest: When did you begin your part-time glamour modelling career?
Miss V: Two years ago. I'd won a local beauty contest and had my picture in the local papers and so on, and of course that meant I was approached by a whole load of local photographers to do some modelling for them. Nothing dodgy or anything — my dad saw to that — but I did some lingerie and clothes modelling, and I found that I really enjoyed it. One of the photographers I'd met did some very nice portfolio shots of me and I ended up being taken on by a modelling agency in Birmingham.

When I was taken on they made no secret of the fact that I'd do very well with glamour modelling — and by that they meant not only topless stuff, but full nude stuff too! At first I was shocked, never having done anything like that before or even contemplated taking my clothes off in front of a stranger, but I was persuaded that this was the best option for me — and it turned out to be true.

I've always been proud of my body, as my skin's really smooth and tans well, and my figure is 36C-22-34, which as you can see is really curvaceous, especially when you consider that I'm only five feet two tall! With my long, curly, chestnut hair and vivid blue eyes, I look pretty good, even though I say it myself; and I'm also very photogenic. That's why they thought I'd be good for glamour stuff.

At my first session I thought I'd be really nervous, but instead I felt incredibly excited when I appeared topless before the clicking camera, and then while the film was being taken I wriggled gradually out of my panties and had my first nude shots done. The tingle that went through my pussy and boobs when I felt the eyes of the photographer and camera on me was incredible, and the smouldering shots were clear evidence of the state of my arousal. My big, high boobs always look really good in my modelling shots, so I always make sure that I show them off to their best advantage now, and keep them in tip-top shape with exercises and lots of luxurious moisturising creams.

Quest: You also used the considerable charms of your breasts to attract your current boyfriend, didn't you?
Miss V: I thought, if he doesn't look at these and come running, then nothing is going to attract him! I met him on my first overseas job — I don't do many of those because I'm not (yet) a full-time model — and I fancied him right away. I could hardly control the lustful ache in my cunny as I gazed at the way he organised the shoot expertly, skilfully dealing with all the other models to get them into his confidence. The first time he spoke to me I knew that I, like the others, would do absolutely anything for him on camera once I'd had one of those hot glances from his brown eyes.

When it came to the time for the individual shots of me, I prepared myself well. I made sure Graham could clearly see me in the dressing area smoothing rich cream into my boobs to make my skin look soft and shiny, and then I purposely bent over and did the same to my buttocks, working my fingers into the firm flesh and occasionally glancing over at Graham as I did so, so that he knew all this was for his benefit. By the look of the hard-on inside his trousers, he'd got the idea.

When he closed the set before the time came to do my shots, so that it was just him and me there, I knew I'd got him where I wanted him. Although it was early evening it was still hot on the beach, and there were quite a few people still about further along, who could probably see what was going on in our roped-off enclosure. I didn't care as I flaunted myself naked for the camera, posing provocatively and running my hands over the swell of my boobs and the insides of my thighs as Graham clicked away. I let my boobs

hang down as I bent over towards the camera, and played with my nipples, pinching them until they became all hard and stood out from my boobs like brown acorns. By now I was doing all this for Graham's benefit alone; it was nothing to do with the photo session any more.

"Lie back on the sand and play with those lovely titties," Graham said quietly as he moved the camera up to get some close-ups. I lay back with my head back and my eyes closed, my hands wandering to my boobs, kneading and massaging the smooth skin, pointing the nipples directly overhead, smiling in ecstasy as I felt those lovely pre-orgasm feelings building up deep inside my pussy.

It was only when I felt his mouth on one of my boobs that I realised that Graham had abandoned filming for the day! He started licking and biting the nipple as I held his head close to me to keep the pressure going. He was obviously a seasoned boob worshipper as he spent ages just on the one nipple, playing his fingers over the flesh of my boobs as he concentrated. I could feel him wriggling out of his shorts as he lay on top of me, and I gasped as I felt his prick flop onto my stomach, hard and throbbing.

I arched my hips up as he started to work on the other nipple with his mouth, and our bushes ground together, the hairs rasping as we rubbed together with increasing speed.

"Your beautiful tits have really seduced me," Graham whispered in my ear as he shifted slightly so that his prick was able to rub over and between my breasts. The skin there was so hot I thought I'd burn him, but he just rubbed that prick onto them faster and faster.

"Why don't you fuck my tits then?" I boldly invited him, my juices secreting out onto my bush and thighs as my excitement mounted. I couldn't ever recall having been so turned on before, and the thought that here we were, practically screwing on a public beach where anyone could come along and watch us, made me shudder to a mini-climax as Graham writhed on top of me, moulding my breasts around his shaft as he fucked my tits. I love talking crudely like that; I'm getting really turned on here remembering that beautiful evening!

He writhed on top of me, moulding my breasts around his shaft as he fucked my tits

Graham soon shot his load onto my boobs and I lay underneath, relaxing into orgasm after orgasm as he rubbed his come into my breasts and nipples, letting me taste a few drops from his fingers as he did so. All this was an incredible turn-on, but by now my pussy really needed to be filled with cock meat.

"You're going to have to work your titty magic with those boobs again, to get me hard for your pussy," Graham told me.

Again I wanked him with my boobs, working the soft flesh over and around his prick until his shaft was pointing right up to his navel, thick and dark pink and still sticky with his own come. He pushed my legs up to my shoulders then, spreading my knees as wide as he could so that my pussy was open as far as possible, ready to be filled by him. When he penetrated me, I could really feel every inch of him as he thrust up and down, his balls slapping against my buttocks as the rhythm of our sex made us both rock back and forward. There was sand flying everywhere as we both came together, my pussy muscles contracting and holding his prick firm as he climaxed inside me, emptying his balls, his face contorted with the effort.

Naturally, after such a marvellous sex session I couldn't let Graham escape — not that he really wanted to! He's a real breast man, and loves me to flaunt myself to him. And the thought of me flaunting myself for other guys to look at really excites him too, so he loves it that my modelling career is going from strength to strength. His real ambition is to see me on Page 3, so that he can imagine millions of guys all over the country wanking over my boobs. Perhaps me telling my story here will start the balls rolling in that direction though!

Quest: Thank you.